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Love the Debt.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADVISERS.



ISS TUBBS had an Irish preference for generosity to justice. She would much rather impose than discharge an obligation, and would give most to those with least claim upon her. If Mark, Maggot, Tubby, and Weenums had been her own children, they would not have been spoiled but bullied rather. Mr. Gant's chief claim in her eyes to S. George's was that he had no claim; he was her creature. She would not have given a penny towards Mr. Kneeshaw's presentation if it had been got up in the ordinary way; but she gave 10*l*. for the pleasure of having it wholly in her own hands. Her delight in doing *outré* and startling things was delight in the sense of power

which she felt in defying Mrs. Grundy with impunity, and to this delight in the sense of power was due much of her high-handed generosity.

Having conquered S. George's Church—patrons, parson, choir, and Sunday School—she turned her arms against the Day School, and put to rout its master and mistress after two or three sharply-fought battles

Both at last surrendered at discretion, and allowed Miss Tubbs to revolutionise the schools—very much to their advantage it must be said—and all would have gone smoothly henceforward, if it was not for the righteous zeal of Mr. Gant. Having a ritualistic abhorrence of irreverence to holy things, he nagged at the schoolmistress, while still smarting from her defeat, for the disrespect shown him by the girls in her charge. These girls were taught to curtsy with their arms looped to their shoulders like the handles of a sugar-basin, yet many of them, on meeting their priest, if they were carrying anything, instead of putting it down and presenting arms, would honour him only with what Dr. Primrose calls “a mutilated curtsy,” while some passed him without any salute. A slight like this passed upon a priest was no light thing, and Mr. Gant could not overlook it. Whenever it occurred—and it occurred almost daily—he took Miss Garthwaite querulously to task for neglect of the religious training of the children as exemplified by their irreverence towards their priest. Now Mr. Gant’s nagging was maddening. He was always so full of himself that he never had a thought to spare to the feelings of others—least of all when his own self-importance was touched—and poor Miss Garthwaite had at last to give in and give notice. It was the last straw on the overburdened camel. Then, too late, Miss Tubbs intervened. She had no notion of allowing Miss Garthwaite to be bullied by anyone but herself, and when Mr. Gant came to announce her notice and his version of its cause, he got a sharp and sound scolding.

“I shall have to take the school into my own hands altogether,” said the generalissimo in conclusion. And so she did. She invited Mr. Randal, Mr. Woodward’s colleague (she did not know Mr. Woodward) to dinner, told him that she meant to make the school the first in his district, and asked him to recommend a first-class mistress. Mr. Randal knew of no such mistress disengaged in his district, but promised to make inquiries, and the result of his inquiries was the recommendation of Mabel. He enclosed to Miss Tubbs Mr. Woodward’s letter to himself in answer to his inquiries after such a mistress; and in this letter Mabel was described in terms that seemed extraordinary to Mr. Randal, with his knowledge of his colleague’s phlegm. Miss Tubbs had no difficulty in identifying Mabel with the belle of the Sugdens’ ball, as her address was given in Mr. Woodward’s note, and it was the address of the young lady from whom she had so graceful a letter of thanks in returning the cloak Miss Tubbs had thrown over her shoulders that night. Miss Tubbs had heard of Colonel Masters’ illness and ruin, and had given a thought of passing pity at the time to the young girl forced to face and fight the world alone at a moment’s warning, and now this pity was warmed into active benevolence. It was just such a case as Miss Tubbs delighted to take up—striking, interesting, pathetic, with no special claim upon her. She must certainly take this friendless girl under her protection. She a national schoolmistress!

beyond all comparison the loveliest and most ladylike girl in Wefton! Miss Tubbs wouldn't hear of such a thing. Why not be a governess, be *her* governess, and have the privilege of teaching Maggot, Tubby, and Weenums—the very thing for her and for the children too. She mustn't lose another moment in making the girl happy with this offer. Accordingly the bell was rung, the carriage ordered, and Miss Tubbs was at the Grange an hour after the receipt of Mr. Randal's letter. Having inquired after Colonel Masters, and condoled with Mabel upon the trouble and anxiety she had gone through, she broached her business with less than her usual abruptness.

"I have come, too, on business, Miss Masters—on a business I should not have ventured to come upon if I had not the warrant of two of Her Majesty's Inspectors. I can hardly believe even them, that you mean to become a national schoolmistress."

"I mean to try, Miss Tubbs. I'm not sure that I shall pass."

"Pass! You should read what Mr. Woodward writes about you. He says you should have been professor of English literature at Girton. Why throw yourself away as a national schoolmistress? If you like teaching, why not be a governess? I am selfishly interested in persuading you, Miss Masters, as I should like to secure you for myself—for my niece and her two little brothers—really charming children. You'd find it quite a pleasure to teach them."

Miss Tubbs felt she was making a generous offer graciously. She always did generous things graciously.

"It is really very good of you, Miss Tubbs, and I should have been glad to accept your kind offer if I had not made up my mind against being a governess. You see my father is very helpless, and I couldn't think of leaving him."

"But you might be a non-resident governess. I can guarantee you as many pupils as you choose to undertake."

"I should like being a schoolmistress better, I think, Miss Tubbs."

"You don't know what you're undertaking, Miss Masters," positively with a very decided nod. "You'll find the drudgery disgusting. It's not like having to do with gentlefolks' children, you know,"—contrasting in her own mind the sweet reasonableness of Mark, Maggot, &c. with the lawless brutality of the children of the poor.

"I've a fancy to try it, Miss Tubbs. I think I shall be more independent. Besides, I don't know the things a governess is expected to teach—music, German, and Italian."

"Don't you?" cried Miss Tubbs eagerly, her idea of Mabel's qualifications as a governess being raised immensely. "Give my children a trial, Miss Masters. Try them for a few months. I have no fear at all that you'll regret it. One so seldom meets with a governess who doesn't profess to teach everything."

"I should be found out in a day," answered Mabel, smiling at Miss Tubbs' eagerness and its cause. "So it wouldn't do to profess it. If

anything could tempt me, though, to be a governess, your kind offer would, Miss Tubbs; but I feel that I should be more happy and at home as a national schoolmistress." Mabel of course was perfectly sincere in her acknowledgment of Miss Tubbs' offer, as she had not the happiness of knowing Maggot and her hopeful brothers.

"Well, Miss Masters, if you're bent upon it, I've nothing more to say—nothing more to say, that is, against your choice. But if you *will* be a national schoolmistress, I should be so glad if you would accept S. George's Girls' School."

S. George's! Three months ago Mabel was to have been the wife of its Vicar! This, though, was not the thought in her mind on Miss Tubbs' mention of the school. "I should be under Mr. Gant," she reflected. She knew from Mr. Lawley that as schoolmistress of a Church of England school she would be much at the mercy of the Vicar—of Mr. Gant! She had often charitably pleaded Mr. Gant's cause with George, whose contempt for his fellow curate was unfathomable, but no charity could be blind to his silliness and his insensibility to everyone's claims and feelings but his own.

"Mr. Gant's school!" exclaimed Mabel, surprised out of the exclamation. That the surprise was no pleasant one, was plainly expressed in her face.

"You know Mr. Gant," said Miss Tubbs with a smile, and with a suspicion that her *protégé* had, perhaps, been refused by Mabel. "But you'll have nothing to do with him, Miss Masters. He has promised me not to meddle with the Day Schools in future. I shall take charge of them myself," said the generalissimo decisively.

Mabel could not help the thought that as the mistress of a school in Miss Tubbs' charge, she might not altogether realise her ideal of independence. "But I cannot sit for my certificate for six weeks yet, Miss Tubbs."

"We shouldn't want you before then, probably; or, if we should, we could easily make shift for a while, till you were ready."

"If you could kindly leave the offer open for a day or two, Miss Tubbs, I shall think over it and write to you."

"Couldn't you spare me an evening? If you could dine with us any evening this week or next, we could talk matters over together. You see I don't want you to escape me. Would Thursday do? or Monday next?"

It was impossible to refuse this invitation, though Mabel felt that her acceptance of it was a step towards the acceptance of the school.

"Thank you; I shall be glad to come on Monday next. I must thank you very much for the kind interest you have shown in me, Miss Tubbs," as that lady rose to go.

"I assure you it's all selfish, Miss Masters. If you read Mr. Woodward's letter about you, you would understand it all. I didn't lose a moment after I read it in trying to secure you. I only hope I have succeeded."

Miss Tubbs went away more favourably impressed than ever with Mabel, and more delighted with herself and her scheme of taking her up. She would take care that the girl did not lose caste through her eccentric choice of a calling, for she would have her at her house and at her parties, and keep her still, where she had every claim of birth, beauty, and bearing to be, in the first society of Wefton. This was precisely the kind of enterprise in which Miss Tubbs took most delight, and in which, too, she was sure of success, for she ruled even the fashionable world of Wefton with a rod of iron. Upon leaving the Grange, she drove at once to the office of Mr. Mills, and Mr. Gant's colleague in the management of the Day Schools, Mr. Gledhill, and put the case clearly before him. She explained Mabel's circumstances, expatiated on her qualifications, and produced Mr. Woodward's tribute to them. With Mr. Woodward's testimony Mr. Gledhill was as much struck as Mr. Randal had been, for as a manager he had to do with that phlegmatic Inspector, and knew how he weighed his words and grudged his praise. Miss Tubbs, therefore, had no difficulty in persuading Mr. Gledhill—a very kindhearted man, who was much moved by the story of Mabel's troubles—to offer her the school at a salary of 150*l*.—that is, half as much again as Miss Garthwaite had.

"We shall more than recover it in the grant," pleaded Miss Tubbs, "for Mr. Woodward is sure to give her a flaming report." This consideration was not without its weight with Mr. Gledhill, but he did not need it to convince him that he was doing a wise, as well as a kind thing, in securing the services of a lady of whom even Mr. Woodward spoke so highly.

Meantime Mabel wrote to Mr. Lawley, asking his advice upon Miss Tubbs' offer, and was of course answered by that gentleman in person as soon as possible after the letter reached him the next morning. Lawley had visited Mabel twice to advise with her since last we saw them together, and each time grew more desperately and miserably in love. Indeed, if he had not been already in love, Mabel's implicit dependence upon him and recurring recourse to him for advice would have been irresistible; as it was, they heaped fuel on a furious flame. The strength of love is as the strength of the man in love, and Lawley's heart was like a fortress, hard to win, but once won and garrisoned in force, impregnable. His love for Mabel had grown to be part, and the better part, of his life. He could not work, or write, or eat, or sleep, for thinking of her—of how she looked and spoke the last time he saw her; of what she would look and say at their next meeting; while mixed like poison with these sweet reveries was the thought of the hopelessness and of the treachery of his passion. It is only just to him to say that he would have had the will and the wisdom to wrench himself free when first he felt his bonds, if it was not for Mabel's helpless dependence upon him. When she wrote and asked his advice as to her next step in a path on which he had himself set her, what could he do? Write? She

asked him to call when next in Wefton; and besides, a dozen letters could not express or explain adequately what she asked about. No; it was Mabel's helplessness, not his weakness, which drew him to the Grange. He was not a weak man by any means—a still, strong man rather, who could “bide the beating of so strong a passion” without a cry. If he could not strangle it he could imprison it, deep down where no one, and Mabel least of all, should hear or see it. But we know that suppressed suffering, like suppressed gout, is the most agonising. Wise is the warning of Pythagoras—*Mr' ἐσθίειν καρδίαν*,—

The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

And Archer Lawley suffered such mental tortures as only a lonely, strong, and silent man can know. In Mabel's presence most of all and hardest of all he had to hide his heart, and he hid it so that sometimes she imagined she had outworn even his kindness; but then again, looking up suddenly, she would surprise a yearning expression in the deep dark eyes fixed on her, which she construed as the earnest pity of a man who could not, unmoved, see even a little child suffer.

Not long, then, after he had received Mabel's letter, Lawley was walking up and down the grim drawing-room of the gynecium, where she soon joined him.

“I'm such a trouble to you,” she said, with unmistakeable sincerity as they shook hands.

“It would be a trouble to me if you thought so, Miss Masters,” he answered with a sincerity equally unmistakeable. “You could not have done me a greater kindness than to make use of me.”

The words seemed cold and of course to Lawley, compared with his longing to be allowed to do or suffer anything for her; but to Mabel they sounded gracious.

“I have loaded you with kindness, then, Mr. Lawley, and have plenty still in store for you,” looking up with a grateful smile into his wistful face. “Well, what do you think of Miss Tubbs' offer?”

“Offer? Order. I know Miss Tubbs”—glad to put on his cynical mask—his usual disguise.

“Indeed, no; she put it in the most flattering way, as a favour. She was rather asking than offering. She even wished me to be her governess.”

“What! to those children?”

“To her nieces and nephews; she said they were charming children.”

Lawley was speechless for a moment, and said then drily—

“You'd a narrow escape. But I don't know that the school will be much better. It's Mr. Gant's school.”

“No; it's Miss Tubbs' school, Mr. Lawley; Mr. Gant is not to be allowed to enter it. At least he has given her a promise not to meddle with it. Don't you think I might take it on that condition?”

“He'll not keep it,” said Lawley decidedly. He felt that the in-

ducement to that gentleman to meddle with a school of which Mabel was mistress would be irresistible. "I should like you to be under a gentleman"—a biting speech that lost none of its bitterness in the short and sharp way in which he uttered it.

"I think I shall be under a lady altogether, Mr. Lawley. I'm sure Mr. Gant *daren't* disobey Miss Tubbs."

"It would be flying in the face of Providence, you think. Certainly if anyone can keep Mr. Gant in order it is Miss Tubbs. But who's to keep Miss Tubbs in order?"

"Miss Tubbs likes her own way, but she likes being kind, too, and I think I'd as soon be under her as under any other vicar here. Besides, Mr. Lawley, I have another and very strong reason for accepting Miss Tubbs' offer. I put it last like a lady's postscript, but it's my real reason, and has converted me to the amiable views of Miss Tubbs and even of Mr. Gant. The salary is enormous—150*l.* a year! And I don't think it's charity either," she continued hesitatingly. "I think it's the ordinary salary. At least the offer does not come from Miss Tubbs, but from Mr. Gledhill, one of the managers, and is made in a very business-like way, you see."

Lawley took the letter, and read it without having his conviction shaken that it was inspired by Miss Tubbs, of whom he came therefore to think kindly.

"'A thousand pounds! Thou hast touched me nearly,'" quoted Lawley, and then added—"You've made your mind up to accept it."

"Indeed I have not, Mr. Lawley. I have made up my mind to do as you tell me."

"I should say, take it, if I was sure of Mr. Gant."

He writhed mentally at the thought of the insolent patronage, or still more insolent attentions, with which Mr. Gant was likely to favour Mabel.

"I am sure of Miss Tubbs," replied Mabel confidently. "She spoke as if she had Mr. Gant in complete control, and she's not likely to let anyone bully me but herself, if she can help it."

"She's pretty sure to bully you?"

"A little; but it would be absurd to mind being bullied by Miss Tubbs. It's the common lot, you know; and I should feel as the poor people say when they're down in fever—'No one can stand agen it.'"

"But you needn't put yourself in the way of infection."

"A thousand pounds!" echoing Lawley's quotation.

Lawley did not return her smile. He sat silent and gloomy. He felt sick of the light and unconcerned tone he had affected up to this, when he thought of such a girl having to sell herself into such a slavery. He sunk his hands, after his inelegant fashion, deep in his trousers' pockets, and sat glowering at Mabel abstractedly, as at an insoluble problem. Presently the penetrating look in his eyes softened into tenderness, as sunlight softens slowly to twilight.

"I still think I was right," answering his own thoughts. "You'll forget the drudgery in the good you are doing."

"Of course you were right, if you mean in your advice to me, Mr. Lawley. There's no drudgery in work you can do and have a taste for."

"No; I don't think you'll find it drudgery. After all, with one's work, as with one's clothes, the first thing is the fit. If your work doesn't fit you you are uncomfortable, no matter how grand it is. You don't care for tinsel, Miss Masters, and I think you could get nothing to fit you better than work amongst the children of the poor. Anyhow, you can try it and see."

"I have no doubt at all of its fitting me, if I can only fit it, and Mr. Woodward thinks I shall pass."

"Mr. Woodward thinks you could pass for anything you chose."

"You should ask him about my arithmetic."

"Why, you've surprised him most with that. You've made such progress with a thing you had so little liking for."

"I am quite getting to like it, though. A mother likes most the child that's most 'tewsome,'* you know; and it's been 'tewsome' enough, I can assure you. But Mr. Woodward has been so kind and patient with me; I wish you would tell him how deeply I feel his kindness. I always mean to say so myself every time I go, but somehow I lose courage when the moment comes, and can only thank him in the coldest way. He is very awful, you know. I suppose one must be awful to get to be Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools."

"He's very shy, that's all. He probably thinks you as awful as you think him."

"Me!"

"Your sex. Like the elephant, you don't know your power, and it's well for us you don't"—hiding under these light words a personal application Mabel little suspected. Having now stayed as long as business and courtesy required, he had the resolution to rise to go.

"Must you go? When your little children quit your hospital, have you done with them altogether, Mr. Lawley?"

"When they're outside my parish? Yes. I haven't time to look them up."

"Will you make an exception in favour of me?" looking up pleadingly into his face. "You'll not give me up altogether when I'm off your hands, will you? You'll still come sometimes to see me?"

He stood silent for a moment with her hand in his, looking down upon her with a troubled expression Mabel couldn't interpret.

"Yes, I'll come."

The words were not gracious, but Mabel read a gracious answer in his manner.

* "Tewsome," Yorkshire for "giving plenty of trouble." Usually applied to an intractable child.

CHAPTER XXX.

SCHOOL.

MABEL passed with flying colours, getting a first-class certificate, and entered at once upon her duties. They were light for the first week, as Miss Garthwaite had taken with her not only all the staff, but nearly all the school. This put Miss Tubbs upon her mettle. She gave out public notice that no child so withdrawn would ever be readmitted, and stuck to it, too, in the teeth of the law. This proclamation put the school at premium, and had no little effect upon the neighbourhood. Again, the districts in which Mabel's name was a household word sent every eligible child. Lastly, Barney McGrath developed extraordinary talents as a "persuader." It is hardly too much to say that Barney was as deeply shocked and saddened by Mabel's troubles as Mr. Sagar, or even Mr. Lawley. For the first fortnight after her father's seizure, he never missed a day in calling to ask after her, and to bring her a few flowers, and sometimes some vegetable delicacy. In the latter case, the discreet Jane was instructed to say nothing of whence it came, lest Mabel might think the present a liberty, and a liberty, too, to which he might seem to have been emboldened by her fallen fortunes. Having made his offering he would retreat precipitately unless Jane had special orders—as she nearly always had—to show him into the "nursery." Here Mabel would receive him, and he would show her, if possible, more respect than ever, and speak to her on any subject but that nearest his heart—lest she should be pained or humiliated even by his sympathy. Inborn in these scorned Celts there is a gentlemanly feeling which the pure Saxon acquires only by education. Mabel was profoundly touched by this reverential sympathy, and rewarded it in the way in which she rightly judged he would value most, by confiding to him unreservedly her position, plans, and prospects. When Barney heard she was about to become a national schoolmistress, the fall seemed more shocking to him than to any other of her friends. He stood speechless before her with wide open eyes and mouth for a moment; he then dropped his eyes to his fur cap which he began to smooth mechanically with his right sleeve.

He was quite upset. That his princess should have to support her father by becoming a national schoolmistress like Miss MacNamara! But it was for the sake of "the children of the poor." Of this he felt certain. Such a sacrifice was more easily conceivable by a Catholic with all kinds of sisterhoods at work around him, and was besides suggested to him by Mabel's devotion to the sick children in her neighbourhood. "God will reward ye, Miss," he said, with much fervour.

It was vain for Mabel to explain that she "couldn't help herself;" that it was for her own sake, not the children's, that she had chosen to

become a national schoolmistress. Nothing could shake Barney's faith in her disinterestedness.

"No; ye can't help yerself, Miss, and the sun can't help shinin'," he said, with unshaken certainty of conviction; "an' will ye be for takin' any childhre that comes, Miss?"

"I shall be only too glad to take all I can get, Barney." Barney meditated a minute, fingering the fur cap nervously the while. "What is it, Barney?"

"I was thinkin', Miss, if I might make so bould as to ax ye to take my two gurls, Norah and Kathleen," he said shamefacedly.

"Barney, if you'll send me your daughters," began Mabel eagerly—she was longing for an opportunity to show her gratitude to Barney for all his devotion—"but," she checked herself to object, "What would Father Quin say?"

"Ah, shure Father Quin hasn't a bit of religion about him at all at all, Miss."

"Religion" is often used by the Irish as a synonym for "bigotry," and it was, of course, in this sense that Barney used the word. Mabel, understanding the word in its obsolete sense, was rather astonished at Barney's encomium upon his priest, which had, however, the intended effect of silencing her scruples.

"Well, Barney, if you'll let me have Kathleen and Norah, I shall not forget they're your daughters," with a look which gave the words a depth of meaning that made Barney more her slave than ever.

Barney's extraordinary infatuation with Mabel did not blind him to the consequences of withdrawing his girls from the Catholic care of Miss MacNamara and transplanting them to what Father Quin, and Molly too, probably would consider a hothouse for Hades; still he resolved to brave his wife's tongue and his priest's frown, and a hotter purgatory in reversion, to give "his gurls" the benefit of the training of "a raal lady;" and such a lady! We may as well say here, that as far at least as this world was concerned all his expectations were more than answered. Father Quin and Molly paid him a good deal of purgatory down, and promised him the balance, and a large balance, hereafter. On the other hand, Mabel took such exceeding pains with the two girls (who, to begin with, were far the quickest in her charge), that both became successively monitors, pupil-teachers, assistant mistresses, and eventually mistresses of the best schools in their respective districts. They repaid Mabel with a Celtic devotion almost religious in its reverence and intensity. But to return to Barney. On the day of the opening of the school under Mabel, he himself led Norah and Kathleen like lambs to the shambles of their souls, and ventured to look in to greet Mabel and see how she fared. There wasn't a score of girls in the schools. His heart was hot within him, and he raged furiously, and not altogether without reason, against the swinishness of the Saxon generally, and of the Westonians in particular. "They care for nothing they can't put in their bellies or

pockets," he soliloquised, as he led the "bashte" from the schooldoor. "To ate and dhrink and get brass, that's all their business in the worruld. Begor, it's a pig's business, shwillin' and shwallowin' and gettin' fat. And they'll talk of the 'low Irish,' bad luck to them! I'll be bound a cabbage thinks a rose low because it can't be biled." Barney had both illustrations before him in his cart, for he was in the transition stage between a greengrocer and a florist, having a very pretty garden of his own now, not far from S. George's, that is, at the best side of Wefton. This garden was the saving of him. If teetotalism made him a gardener, on the other hand gardening kept him teetotal (employing his vacant hours) and both made him prosperous. He felt that he owed all to Mabel, and burned to pay any part of the debt. He saw a chance of paying a very little of it to-day, by going round as a "persuader" in the disguise of a greengrocer. He had at least one qualification for the post, a thorough knowledge of the Weftonians. Instead, therefore, of urging in Mabel's favour what would have weight with himself, her gentleness, cultivation, and refinement, he simply said nothing of these things, since they cared for none of these things; but invented for her without scruple a qualification to which she had no claim whatever, but which alone would tell with Weftonians. He decided to give her a salary of 300*l.* a year. He would have given her 500*l.* a year, but he feared that salary would have sounded incredible to them, even if ascribed to a pothouse-keeper, so he had to content himself with 200*l.* less. It was a weak point in Barney's character, as in the character of his countrymen generally, that he had little scruple about any lie and no scruple about a beneficent lie. This lie, then, he introduced diplomatically and incidentally here and there in each street (always choosing a gossip for his confidant), with such effect, that before evening the conversation over every clothes' line was about the new missus of S. George's and her 6*l.* a week of a wage. If Barney could have described Mabel as she was, or even as he imagined her, and if his description had been implicitly accepted, he would have won for her nothing like the respect which his report as to her salary secured. It not only brought children in shoals to the school (all accompanied by their mothers, eager to see a missus possessed of such virtue); but it made them while there as respectful as it is possible for a West Riding child to be.

In fact, Mabel owed the very fair start she made more to Barney's lie than to all other causes put together. Once fairly started, however, she owed her extraordinary success to herself and to an exemplary assistant mistress Mr. Woodward secured for her. "Anybody can make things, but the real art is to make things make themselves," says Kingsley; a wise and deep Darwinian saying, which we venture to change and apply to teaching. "Anybody can teach children, but the real art is to teach children to teach themselves;" and this Mabel attempted with a success which was striking, considering the dense material she had to deal with, and the short time it was in her hands. She taught, and

taught her teachers to teach the children rather by head than by heart, making the memory a mere baggage animal to carry food for the intellect on its march. To this end she abolished, as far as practicable, the use of all textbooks; teaching rules &c. orally in varied words and ways, that the child's intelligence might not be droned to sleep by a sing-song set of words which lost all meaning through repeated repetition. The system repaid the patience it cost by the interest it excited. It is harder to learn the piano than the barrel-organ, but the piano, when learned, is the more interesting of the two instruments to play.

As for the success of the system it surpassed Miss Tubbs' calculation (based, by the way, on the erroneous supposition that Mr. Woodward would be the Inspector, whereas he was invariably, and for obvious reasons, Mr. Randal). Mabel passed 98 per cent., and earned almost the highest possible grant, and S. George's Girls' School was singled out in the general report of the Inspector as an example of the perfection to which a national school could be brought.

But her best work was not appreciable by H.M. Inspector. She seemed to put the children through a process analogous to that by which the first millionaire of Weston made his fortune. He succeeded in transforming the coarse refuse of coarse goat's hair into a soft and fine and glossy cloth. Mabel similarly transformed Weston girls. She made them more than decent, even modest, and in many cases really refined. She taught them manners at once respectful and self-respecting; and, better still, principles which kept alight and alive in the foul air of a factory. To have been brought up in S. George's Girls' School became a certificate of conduct and character, and a certificate which in most cases had no need to be produced, as it expressed itself in the bearing of a girl who had passed through Mabel's hands. As for these girls themselves, they loved her through life with a heartiness and a constancy characteristic of West Riding folk.

In these respects Mabel more than justified Lawley's expectations. Nor was he wrong either as to her liking for the life. No other calling open to women would have so suited her, and, as he truly said, with one's work, as with one's clothes, the first thing is the fit. Neither the work nor the children were interesting in themselves, but she *made* both interesting, and so shared the good she did—for it is, of course, true, not of mercy only, but of all other beneficence—

It is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

Lastly—Miss Tubbs notwithstanding—Mabel was as independent as she cared to be. She was quite right in expecting Miss Tubbs to be as tolerable as any other vicar. Miss Tubbs took to her, first as a *protégée*, but at last as a daughter. She got so to love her that a day must not pass without her coming to the school, or Mabel going to "The Elms."

She got so to love her, indeed, that at last she would allow her to correct Mark and Maggot. Mark, we may say in passing, kissed the rod, was consumed with a secret and absorbing passion for Mabel, and, to his aunt's amazement, would fetch and carry for her, and follow her about like a dog. There was some soul of goodness in that young ruffian which Mabel distilled.

On the other hand, against all this was to be set Mr. Gant. Of course he didn't keep his promise to hold aloof from the school. How could he? Of course, too, Mabel never complained of his breach of promise to Miss Tubbs. She was the last girl in the world to do anything so undignified. Not that there was much merit in her magnanimity, for she had at her command a manner with which she veiled herself, as with a mosquito curtain, against the petty and pestering impertinences of that gentleman. In the days of her prosperity, Mr. Gant had more than once attempted with her one of his flippant flirtations, but on each occasion he was made to feel foolish—a feeling as rare as it was becoming in him. Now, however, she was at his mercy, and he would be merciful. He would condescend to notice her, patronise her, and even flirt with her, of course in an official fashion, and at a discreet distance. Accordingly, as Barney was leaving, Mr. Gant was entering the school on the day of Mabel's instalment.

"How do you do, Miss Masters? Hope you'll like the place, I'm sure."

"Yes, I think I shall like it."

"You'll not find me hard to please. There are just one or two things I am very particular about, which I'm sure you'll attend to, Miss Masters. There's the manners of the children. Really they don't seem to have any manners—any idea of respect for others, you know."

It is a strange thing, which is nevertheless attested by the proverbs of all countries, that we are the first and worst to denounce in others the fault to which we are most given ourselves. We not only—

Compound for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to,

but we compound for sins we are inclined to by damning those who have a mind to them. "Ugh!" says Death to the man with his throat cut; "ugh, how ugly you are!" The Catalan version of a worldwide proverb.

"Really, they don't seem to have any manners, any idea of respect for others, you know," said Mr. Gant, standing with his hat on before Mabel. "Not for their priest even! And then, there's another thing I should like set right—those clogs! I wish they could be got not to come to school in clogs. I can hardly hear myself speak sometimes, they make such a clatter."

"They should be taught to put off their shoes from off their feet in your presence, Vicar," said Miss Tubbs, who, coming also to see Mabel installed, had the sound of her approach drowned by the clogs in ques-

tion. Mr. Gant, looking very confused, at once took off his hat and muttered something about wishing to see if Miss Masters wanted anything.

"Remember your bargain, Vicar," said the generalissimo. "Miss Masters would accept the school only on the condition that you kept out of it."

This was strong, and made Mabel uncomfortable; but she little knew Mr. Gant. He was not in the least made uncomfortable, for he was certain that if Mabel said so she didn't mean it, and couldn't mean it, but felt bound to say it either to please Miss Tubbs, or as the protest of a prude. Accordingly Mr. Gant visited the school whenever he felt secure against surprise by Miss Tubbs, and as Mabel never condescended to complain of his visits, he of course assumed that she enjoyed them. But they were not enjoyable. The stupidity of the man was maddening. It was not the torpid and unobtrusive stupidity of a slug, but the fretful stupidity of a bluebottle, which *will* buzz about you and light upon you with no more idea of its being offensive after the hundredth time you have hit out at it than after the first. As he was practising the art of extempore preaching, he experimented upon the vile bodies of the Sunday and Day Schools. He would get up into the desk in the day school at the hour set apart for religious instruction, and harangue the little children at the highest pitch of his voice, chiefly upon their duty to the Church, whom, as he called it "she," the children identified with Miss Tubbs; and upon the sin of schism, which they generally understood to be not curtsying to Mr. Gant with their arms looped to their shoulders. Then he would descend from the rostrum and buzz about Mabel, for whom he had two manners, the pompous and the flippant; the latter specially nauseous, since it was employed for flirtation. These two manners often followed each other, for the pompous was used to cover the retreat of the flippant when Mabel succeeded in putting the latter to flight by such a snub as even he was forced to feel. When, however, as more usually happened, no snub could pierce the triple brass of his armour, Mabel set the children to sing, and the singing of untrained Yorkshire children is like the singing of Scott and his brothers, which called forth the remonstrance of their neighbour, Lady Cumming, "who sent to beg that the boys might not be all flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise was really terrible."

Whether flippant or pompous, Mr. Gant was offensively patronising for the first fortnight of Mabel's engagement, but after that he was meeker and more subdued from a characteristic cause. He had succeeded in securing a great local light to preach for his schools, Bishop Bussell, Vicar of Widcross. Dr. Bussell, sometime Bishop of Blefuscu, was one of those devoted and devout missionary prelates now in England, who, having worked some years in exile, have at last gone home to their reward. No one could know Bishop Bussell for five minutes without learning how his health had been so shattered by hard and heroic

work in the deadly climate of Blefescu as to necessitate his return to England, and his undertaking here the charge of a parish as populous as his late diocese. Yet this sphere is not wide enough for the energy left still unconsumed by the fevers of Blefescu. Whenever talk is to be reported, there Bishop Bussell is sure to be heard; and the chances are, that as he was rewarded for quitting his post in Blefescu by a large living in England, he will be rewarded for the neglect of his living in England by a canonry, deanery, or bishopric. This ubiquitous dignitary Mr. Gant succeeded in netting, and was proud of the not very difficult achievement. He boasted about it to everyone, and not least to Mabel. He even promised her that he would, if possible, bring him to the school and let her see him, and, perhaps, talk to him, or at least hear him talk. Mabel had in her pocket at the time an invitation to meet the great man at dinner at Miss Tubbs', where he was to stay, of which, of course, she did not think it necessary to tell Mr. Gant. Indeed Miss Tubbs had insisted not only on her accepting the invitation, but on her staying overnight at "The Elms," whence she would be driven to school the next morning.

Accordingly, the first thing that struck Mr. Gant's amazed eyes as he entered the drawing-room of "The Elms" was the spectacle of Bishop Bussell and Miss Masters seated side by side on the sofa, deep in the subject of the fevers of Blefescu. Even he could not help feeling foolish at the recollection of his patronising and preposterous promise made that morning to treat Miss Masters to a sight of the right reverend prelate. Mabel, however, betrayed no recollection of it in her manner as she shook hands with him with her usual chilling composure, and immediately resumed her conversation with the Bishop. "Will Miss Tubbs make me take her in to dinner?" was his next mortifying thought. Miss Tubbs, however, was the last person to do anything so cruel. She sent Mabel in with a gentleman—the most perfect gentleman of the clergy of her acquaintance—Archdeacon Rolfe. Mr. Gant's next subject of meditation was characteristic. "What would the Bishop and the Archdeacon think if they knew that they were tricked into honouring a national schoolmistress?" But neither was he left long in suspense as to this. When the ladies had withdrawn he overheard Archdeacon Rolfe confiding to Mr. Mills his opinion of Mabel as the most fascinating young lady he had ever had the pleasure of meeting, and his deep sympathy with her in reverses which forced her into the drudgery of teaching a national school. While, next morning, as he was returning from an early wedding, Mr. Gant came upon Miss Masters being handed out of Miss Tubbs' carriage at the school door by Bishop Bussell, who was on his way to a Missionary breakfast. Mr. Gant took the lesson to heart.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. SAGAR BECOMES A MAN OF BUSINESS.

IN the last chapter we have summarised Mabel's work and success as a national schoolmistress, since we do not mean to recur to that side of her life. She had other interests and troubles than those of the school, for which we wish to save up the patience of the reader.

The first thing that helped her to realise fully their ruin was the sale of the "Grange" and its furniture. It was a sharp wrench to have to leave a home consecrated by all her memories of her mother and by a thousand associations which, if sad for the most part, were like far-off and plaintive music, sweet in their sadness. The sale of the furniture of a lifelong home affects us almost like the dismemberment of the body of one dear to us in life by cold, callous, calculating, professional hands.

Mabel's dearest treasures, however, were not submitted to this desecration. The day before the auction Bob Sagar called upon Mr. Slagg, the auctioneer, to negotiate for the buying in of the books and furniture of the "nursery" and of the study. Mr. Slagg's countenance fell. If the gent had been two hours sooner, he (Mr. Slagg) might have stimulated a brisk bidding between him and the other gent for *all* the furniture of the study and most of that of the "nursery."

"Very sorry, sir," said Mr. Slagg sincerely, "every stick and leaf in the study's sold, and best part of the things in the ground floor sitting-room likewise."

Mr. Slagg, however, cheered up when Mr. Sagar appeared bent on buying something, and was still further comforted by his buying a great deal. In fact, more furniture was bought in than could conveniently be stowed away in Mabel's new and much humbler home, a cottage near the school. Mabel was so certain that Mr. Sagar was the purchaser that she had ventured to put the question to him point blank, thinking the risk of his embarrassment through her being mistaken infinitesimal.

"No such luck," said Bob regretfully. "There was some fellow before me. I thought you might have employed him, and he left me little to buy. He bought in every stick and book in the study, and most of the 'nursery' things."

"I knew it was you," said Mabel warmly, taking a part for the whole, and the will for the deed. "I hoped it was you. I can bear being under an obligation to you, Mr. Sagar;" a very grateful and gratifying acknowledgment to Bob.

"You don't owe much of it to me, Mabel. I wonder who it was?"

"I think I know," said Mabel meditatively and hesitatingly.

"Who? Miss Tubbs?"

Mabel shook her head. "No, not Miss Tubbs. I think it was Mr. Lawley."

"What! the parson in mufti?"

"Yes; he has been like a brother to me since my troubles."

Bob liked not the relationship. These confounded parsons, being half women themselves, knew all the weak places in the fortress. Kneeshaw was bad enough, but here was this other *padre*, Lawley, elbowing himself between him (Bob) and Mabel.

"Don't you think it was rather a liberty?"

"A liberty? In the way he has done it, if it is he? Besides, Mr. Lawley *couldn't* take a liberty."

This was conclusive. Woman's logic, like faith, is of course not against, but above reason.

"I wish you'd let me arrange with him, Mabel."

"Do you mean pay him back, Mr. Sagar?" asked she in some consternation.

"Yes; as your guardian, you know."

"But it mayn't have been he, after all. Besides, Mr. Sagar, you wouldn't like it yourself, would you? You wouldn't like, I mean, to be paid back yourself for all your great kindness to me?"

"You've taken care that there isn't much to pay back," growled Bob. "But even if there was, it's a very different thing, because your mother made you my ward, Mabel, and I've a right to look after you; but I don't see what right Mr. Lawley has to interfere in your affairs."

"The quality of mercy is not strained," said Mabel, smiling at the idea of Mr. Sagar, of all people, being for confining generosity in conventional fetters. "Generosity has its own generous laws, and Mr. Lawley has kept within them in doing this—if he has done it—by stealth. Don't you think so? Of course you think so, Mr. Sagar. By what right were you so generous to my mother?" laying her hand on Mr. Sagar's great brown fist which rested clenched on the knee nearest her as they sat side by side on the "nursery" sofa which had been transported to the sitting-room of the cottage.

"There's no use arguing with a woman," said Bob, feeling himself beaten in argument, taking the little hand in his, and looking into the grey eyes, whose expression seemed always to accompany her words like exquisite music. "If you like being under an obligation to Mr. Lawley there's nothing more to be said;" taking, however, all pettishness out of the words by the pleasant manner in which he uttered them.

"Yes, I do. Is it very mean of me, or very generous? I think it's very generous of me to forgive both you and him all you have done for me and all you have been to me."

"No; you've not been generous, or even just, to me, Mabel," said Bob, "or you would have given me what your mother left me—the care of you."

"Dear Mr. Sagar, what would you have me do? Do you think I could bear to be a burden to you when I can do something for myself? I should be miserable. And for the rest," she added, smiling, "I really think you are most unreasonable in expecting me to give you more

trouble than I have done. I have given you all the trouble I could think of; letters, lawyers, house-agents, auctioneers, bills, butchers, bakers, everything. Haven't I?"

She certainly had. Bob had become a man of bustle and business in the last few weeks, and had developed, he considered, extraordinary administrative and financial abilities.

"The great secret of business," he said to Mabel—with an air which would have become the communication of the discovery of the philosopher's stone—"the great secret of business is to have everything down in black and white. Then you have them." "Them," *i.e.* the tradesmen &c., who would be awed into honesty by being compelled to the extraordinary practice of furnishing written bills. In truth the practice was extraordinary to Bob, whose own tradesmen never had to trouble him with bills or receipts either. He would pay at the time, or the next time he was in the shop or neighbourhood, and would never suspect that he was being charged too much, or twice over, or for things he had never got, as he often was. But it was different with Mabel's affairs. Here he must be lynx-eyed and serpent-witted. Accordingly, he now took the extreme and extraordinary precaution of having every bill in black and white, receipted, stamped, and dated. Yet the security even of this system was not perfect. No doubt the singular and awful ordeal would have something of the solemnising effect of the administration of an oath in a court of justice on the tradesmen subjected to it; but even this effect might wear away in time, and as Bob was nearly sure to lose the receipt, it might almost as well not have been set down in black and white. His loss of the receipt, however, by no means involved loss of his faith in it, or in his discovery of the soul and secret of business. Even to Mr. Broughton, the attorney, he thought it necessary to communicate it with a knowing nod and wink as he was exacting a receipt from him.

"Take my advice, Mr. Broughton, and have everything down in black and white."

Like most of our greatest inventors, however, Bob profited little by his brilliant discovery, for, as he omitted himself to set down in black and white the sums he had disbursed, and as he could not find one in ten of the receipts so set down when he came to look for them, he couldn't tell whom or what he had paid at the end of a month. As far as Mabel was concerned this was all right; for, as she insisted on a settlement, and a settlement in full, Bob could produce with a safe conscience his tithe of receipts and assure her with evident sincerity that these were all he had.

But what if those tradesmen whose receipts he had lost were to send in their bills again to Mabel? You see his discovery had made Bob suspicious. Of what use was his discovery, if tradesmen were not rogues? Therefore tradesmen must be rogues. The discoverer of a cure for a certain disease is sure to discover simultaneously that half the world are so diseased. And by astonishing coincidences, a vast number of such

simultaneous discoveries have been made in the domains of politics and of theology. Bob's discovery, then, naturally made him suspicious, and having given Mabel strict injunctions to refer all claims to him, he invested in a ponderous ledger, in which he put two or three entries here and there, so lost in a wilderness of leaves as to need an hour's search to find them, and this he took down solemnly to conscience-smite the creditors who subsequently applied to him.

"Ah, let me see," he would say, "I make it a rule to put down everything in black and white." Then he would lift down the intimidating ledger, and looking the creditor through and through would ask: "What name did you say? Sugden? S;" and after a rattle of leaves and another insupportable glance, would exclaim in an accent of astonishment and reprobation, with his finger resting on an imaginary entry, "Not been paid before, Mr. Sugden?"

"No, sir," Mr. Sugden would reply briskly, not disconcerted in the least. Whereupon Bob's voice and manner, without the slightest gradation or preparation, would drop from shocked astonishment to perfect confidence.

"All right, Mr. Sugden, here you are."

But, indeed, Bob was always making some brilliant discovery or other which he would often run to death and replace in a week. For the time being, however, he did not so much possess it as it possessed him. He must communicate it to everyone, even to those whose very profession it was to master it. He would tell a doctor that "the secret of happiness lay in the stomach," or try to persuade a parson "to take things easy," or advise a lawyer "always to count his change." The discovery, whatever it was, was new to Bob, and therefore must be new to everyone. We have even overheard him, as we stood on the steps of the "Queen," giving this necessary advice to a postman whose emaciated appearance he was commiserating, and who pleaded guilty to being "bad in his inside." "If I were you, my man, I should take a walk every morning before breakfast. Nothing like it for the digestion." The postman, we thought, didn't look pleased. Indeed, Bob himself seemed to perceive his offence and its cause, for he sent the man away appeased with another tip in the less equivocal shape of half a crown. For Bob was Irish both in the thoughtlessness with which he would blurt out the first thing in his head, and in the quickness and kindness with which he would perceive and atone for the offence it often gave. Sometimes, it is true, the advice which Bob would incontinently let fly was irreparable and would cover him with shame and confusion; when, for instance, Mr. Meekins,

A little, round, fat, oily man of God,

came to condole with Mabel, but as usual with him condoled only with himself, on the immense amount of work he had to do, on the neglect of his godless predecessor, Mr. Bray, on the prevalence of Dissent, especially in its Baptist form, and on the general activity of the evil

one in all directions in his parish, Bob, who was a Unitarian, rattled out his panacea with his accustomed glibness :

"You should join us, Mr. Meekins; we don't keep a devil at all."

Mabel, though shocked herself, and shocked by the shock to Mr. Meekins, couldn't help a smile at this presentation of Satan as a kind of dog whom you might keep or drown at will. Mr. Meekins, however, took mortal offence and rose at once to leave, cutting Bob in the act. Bob was equally ready with a mode of exorcism for the MacGucken when he and Lawley became intimate, as they soon did. Lawley, after a walk, had brought him home to a meagre meal provided by the grudging MacGucken, supplemented, however, with excellent wine and cigars. The host, in apologising for the repast, took occasion to describe the MacGucken's odious characteristics.

"I should sack her," said Bob, taking his cigar from his mouth and using it to emphasise this recondite advice.

Lawley explained how this was easier said than done.

"Try rattng," said Bob with a knowing nod.

Lawley replied that he had thought of that, understanding Bob to mean migrating.

"That's your tip," said Bob, encouraged into slang by the success of his suggestion.

"I tried it when I was a boy on an old cook who brained a ferret of mine she found in her bed. She was off in a week, faith. We had the hunt always in the meat cellar; but you might have it anywhere," said Bob, casting a critical eye round the dining-room to take in its fitness for the purpose. "You might give a young rat the run of the house with a good dog, then she would never know where it might turn up, bed or board. You see if it doesn't fetch her," with an eloquent wink.

From these specimens of unconsidered counsel it will be seen that Bob was what so many Irishmen are through life—a boy. Not dull in brain or feeling, quick rather, but quicker still in tongue.

But to return from this long digression. Bob, as we say, was riding now the hobby of business furiously. He had made an inventory of the furniture of the Grange (as a check on that of Mr. Slagg's assistant) which would, doubtless, have been invaluable if it had been coherent. He, however, followed, so to speak, the order of nature, setting things down in black and white faithfully as they came under his eye, as thus : "One sofa, two antimacassars, one coalbox, a chimneypiece gimerack, one timpiece, another gimerack, one desk or workbox, *Yorkshire Past and Present*, four vols., a thing like a small punkah, one vase, one leather mat, one table, eight chairs, one fender, do. poker, do. tongs, do. shovel, one Parian bust of a young woman, do. of a young man, one carpet, one rug, five pictures, one ottoman, one *Pilgrim's Progress* (by John Bunyan), two spill-holders, one pier-glass, one paper-knife, two things for holding anything, one piano, &c. &c. Mr. Slagg's assistant, on the other hand, to dodge him, as Bob hinted to Mabel—for Bob, having taken to

dodges took to suspecting dodges—had inventoried the things in an arbitrary order of his own, skipping confusedly from one side of the room to the other, or sometimes even from one room to another. In this way Bob's inventory, of which he was naturally proud as the most business-like thing he had ever done, was made valueless, at least as a check upon that compiled by Mr. Slagg's young man. But Bob could not bear that it should be altogether valueless, and he made it therefore the groundwork of a new inventory he set to to compile of the translated furniture in the cottage. Mabel urged that there was no necessity, or prospect of any necessity, for this. But Bob, having old material to work up, and having discovered in himself a talent for compiling catalogues, shrewdly observed that "It was as well to have everything down in black and white, to refer to when a servant was leaving." And it's only fair to say that Bob's inventory was a perfect security against a housemaid walking off undetected with any considerable quantity of furniture concealed about her person.

But Bob's enthusiasm for business was not only the enthusiasm of an artist for the art he excels in, but a longing to do something or anything for Mabel, to whom he became a perfect slave. Having finished the inventory, he found or made himself as much work as a plumber. He had to put down carpets, to find the fittest corners for sofas &c., to shift them back and forward into ever new positions, and to hang the pictures. When Mr. Gant called one day and was ushered into the sitting-room to wait Mabel's momentarily expected return, he found Bob high on steps with his coat off, hanging a portrait of Shelley between Keats and Burns, and of course took him for a joiner.

"Too stiff, my man, too stiff," said Mr. Gant authoritatively, alluding to the three portraits being too much in a line. Bob looked down on his cool critic, and revenged himself for his unflattering mistake after his own fashion.

"Shtiff, is he?" said Bob, speaking in the very broadest Clare brogue. "Ye'd be shtiff enough yereself if ye'd been hanging as long as he."

Mr. Gant thought he would consult his dignity best by an indignant silence.

"How is it wid him now?" asked Bob after a pause, lowering the portrait two or three inches. "Is he low enough for ye? There's them thinks nobody low enough for 'em; there is so," *sotto voce*, but not inaudibly.

In palliation of Bob's having recourse to the kind of wit current among the Dublin cabmen, we must explain that he knew Mr. Gant, not wisely but too well, as a preacher, and still better by reputation from Mabel's account of him. From both he had formed an extreme dislike and even disgust to the man, to which he took the opportunity of Mr. Gant's mistake to give whimsical expression.

"Come, my man, that will do," cried Mr. Gant, boiling with rage, and finding silence impossible as well as ineffective.

Bob slowly and lumberingly descended the steps, looked critically for some seconds at the arrangement of the portraits, and said with judicial calm :

"Ay, that 'ill do. Give us a lift wid the shteps, will ye?"

Mr. Gant, white and trembling—men whose dignity is based on accidents are morbidly sensitive to disrespect—strode to the bell and rang it furiously. The discreet Jane hurried in.

"This—this fellow has been drinking; have him turned out at once," stammered Mr. Gant.

"Ay, which?" said Bob, with a jovial wink to Jane, who was looking bewildered from one gentleman to the other.

"It's Mr. ——" began Jane, intending to enlighten Mr. Gant about Mr. Sagar.

"Gant?" interrupted Bob, affecting to think the explanation addressed to him. "I thought it must be," in a by no means complimentary tone. "It's all right, my dear, *I* don't mind him," coolly reversing the situation, and dismissing the Discreet with a cheery nod.

Mr. Gant looked after the retreating Jane as at an apparition, with wide eyes and a quick gasp, then he rushed from the room and from the house.

When Mabel returned, Bob was again on the steps hanging other pictures.

"Mr. Gant has been here, Mabel," he said, looking critically with his head on one side at a picture he had just hung. "He took me for a joiner, but faith I heaped coals of fire upon his head," in jocose allusion to the colour of Mr. Gant's hair. Then Bob described the scene exactly and graphically, and was rather taken aback at the concern visible in Mabel's face for the offence given to Mr. Gant.

"I couldn't help it," pleaded Bob, on whom a look of Mabel's had more effect than a broadside of abuse from Mrs. Grundy. "He's such a cad. I was only too glad to pay him back a bit for his treatment of you. Besides, I think we're quits."

"Well, no," said Mabel smiling; "you don't care a pin about Mr. Gant's taking you for a joiner, but Mr. Gant cares a great deal about a joiner's taking him for a butt. I must explain to him who you were, and then he'll be sure to think you had quite provocation enough."

As, indeed, Mr. Gant did when the matter was so explained.

The Matchless Orinda.

It was not until the second half of the seventeenth century that women began to be considered competent to undertake literature as a profession. In the crowded galaxy of Elizabethan and Jacobean poets there is no female star even of the seventh magnitude. But with the Restoration, the wives and daughters, who had learned during the years of exile to act in political and diplomatic intrigue with independence and skill, took upon themselves to write independently too, and the last forty years of the century are crowded with the names of "celebrated scribbling women." Among all these the Matchless Orinda takes the foremost place, not exactly by merit, for Aphra Behn surpassed her in genius, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, in versatility, and Catherine Trotter in professional zeal; but by the moral eminence which she attained through her elevated public career, and which she sealed by her tragical death. When the seventeenth century thought of a poetess, it naturally thought of Orinda; her figure overtopped those of her literary sisters; she was more dignified, more regal in her attitude to the public, than they were, and, in fine, she presents us with the best type we possess of the woman of letters in the seventeenth century. Yet modern criticism has entirely neglected her. I cannot find that any writer of authority has mentioned her name with interest since Keats, in 1817, when he was writing *Endymion*, came across her poems at Oxford, and in writing to Reynolds remarked that he found "a most delicate fancy of the Fletcher kind" in her poems, and quoted one piece of ten stanzas to prove it. In Mr. Ward's *English Poets*, where so many names owe their introduction to one or two happy compositions which have survived the body of their works, I find no page dedicated to Orinda; and I suppose she may fairly be considered as dead to the British public. If I venture to revive her here, it is not that I greatly admire her verses, or consider her in the true sense to have been a poet, for even the praise just quoted from Keats seems to me exaggerated; but it is because of the personal charm of her character, the interest of her career, and its importance as a chapter in the literary history of the Restoration. Nor was she, like so many of her contemporaries, an absurd, or preposterous, or unclean writer: her muse was uniformly pure and reasonable; her influence, which was very great, was exercised wholly in favour of what was beautiful and good, and if she failed, it is rather by the same accident by which so many poets of less intelligence have unexpectedly succeeded.

Katherine Fowler was born on New Year's Day, 1631, in a respect-

able cockney family of Bucklersbury. Of her father, who was a Presbyterian, nothing else is known save that he was a prosperous merchant. She was baptized at the font of St. Mary Woolchurch on January 11, 1631. John Aubrey, the antiquary, who was her exact contemporary and one of her numerous friends, has preserved various traditions of her childhood. Like Cowley, another cockney child of the period, she was very eager and precocious in the pursuit of letters. The imaginative bias of her mind first took a religious form. She had read the Bible right through before she was five years old; she would pray aloud—rather ostentatiously, one fears—by the hour together, and had a potent memory for the actual text of the florid sermons that she heard on Sundays. At school she was a prodigy of application; she would commonly say, by heart, many chapters and passages of Scripture, and began at a very early age to write verses. As she grew old enough to form convictions of her own, she threw off the Presbyterian and Parliamentary traditions of her home, and announced herself an admirer of the Church and the King just as those stars were setting on the political horizon. Through the darkest period of the Commonwealth she remained staunchly Royalist; and we may fancy that she was well content to leave a home no longer sympathetic to her, when, in her seventeenth year, she married a Royalist gentleman of Wales, Mr. James Philips, of Cardigan Priory. The early part of her life as Mrs. Philips is dark to us. None of her letters, and but few of her poems, from this period have been preserved. The earliest of her verses form an address to her neighbour Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, on the publication of his *Olor Iscanus* in 1651. These lines are interesting to the student of versification as showing that Katherine Philips, from the very first, had made up her mind to look forwards and not backwards. There is no particular merit in these verses, but they belong to the school of Waller and Denham, and show that the authoress had learned very exactly the meaning of the new prosody. To the end of her career she never swerved from this path, to which her constant study of French poetry further encouraged her.

She seems to have adopted the melodious pseudonym by which she has become known to posterity in 1651. It would appear that among her friends and associates in and near Cardigan she instituted a Society of Friendship, to which male and female members were admitted, and in which poetry, religion, and the human heart were to form the subjects of discussion. This society, chiefly, no doubt, owing to the activity of Mrs. Philips, became widely known, and an object of interest to contemporaries. Jeremy Taylor recognised it from afar, and Cowley paid it elaborate compliments. In the eyes of Orinda it took an exaggerated importance.

Nations will own us now to be
A temple of divinity;
And pilgrims shall ten ages hence
Approach our tombs with reverence,

a prophecy which still waits to be fulfilled. On December 28, 1651,

Miss Anne Owen, a young lady of Llanshipping, entered the Society under the name of Lucasia, it being absolutely necessary that each member should be known by a fancy name. The husband of the poetess, for instance, is never mentioned in her poems or her correspondence, except as Antenor. Lucasia was the chief ornament of the Society, and the affection of Orinda was laid at her feet for nearly thirteen years in a style of the most unbounded and vivacious eulogy. It is very delightful to contemplate the little fat, ruddy, cockney lady, full of business and animation, now bustling the whole parish by the ears, now rousing her rather sluggish husband to ambition, now languishing in platonic sentiment at the feet of the young Welsh beauty who accepted all her raptures so calmly and smilingly. In Miss Owen, Mrs. Philips saw all that can be seen in the rarest altitudes of human character.

Nor can morality itself reclaim
The apostate world like my Lucasia's name :
. Lucasia, whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.
. So to acknowledge such vast eminence,
Imperfect wonder is our eloquence,
No pen Lucasia's glories can relate.

Nor is Lucasia the only member of her little provincial quorum of whom she predicates such brave things. There is Ardelia, whose real name neglectful posterity has forgotten to preserve ; there is Miss Mary Aubrey, who becomes Mrs. Montague as time goes on, and whose poetical name is Rosania ; there is Regina, "that Queen of Inconstancy," Mrs. John Collier ; later on Lady Anne Boyle begins to figure as "adored Valeria," and Lady Mary Cavendish as "dazzling Polycrite." The gentlemen have very appropriate names also, though propriety prevents Orinda, in their cases, from celebrating friendship in terms of so florid an eloquence. The "excellent Palæmon" was Francis Finch, originally, but the name was transferred, as the "noble Palæmon," to Jeremy Taylor ; the "noble Silvander," Sir Edward Dering, was more fortunate in preserving his name of honour ; and last, but not least, the elegant Sir Charles Cotterel achieved a sort of immortality as Orinda's greatest friend, under the name of Poliarchus.

There are few collections of seventeenth-century verse so personal as the poems of Orinda. Her aspirations and sentimentalities, her perplexities and quarrels, her little journeys and her business troubles, all are reflected in her verse as in a mirror. She goes from Tenby to Bristol by sea in September 1652, and she gives Lucasia an account of the uneventful voyage in verse :—

But what most pleased my mind upon the way,
Was the ships' posture that in harbour lay ;
Which to a rocky grove so close were fixed
That the trees' branches with the tackling mixed,—
One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
A growing navy or a floating wood.

These are verses for which we have lost all taste, but they were quite as good as those by which Waller was then making himself famous, and in the same modern manner. These and others were handed about from one friend to another till they reached London, and gained the enthusiastic poetess literary and artistic friends. Among these latter were Henry Lawes, the great musician, and Samuel Cooper, the finest miniature painter of the day, to both of whom she has inscribed flowing copies of verses, informed by her familiar stately wit. But the subject that chiefly inspired her was the excellence of her female friends, and in treating this theme she really invented a new species of literature. She is the first sentimental writer in the English language, and she possesses to the full those qualities which came into fashion a century and a half later in the person of such authors as Letitia Landon. Orinda communes with the stars and the mountains, and is deeply exercised about her own soul. She is all smiles, tears, and sensibility. She asks herself if her affection has been slighted, she swears eternal troth, she yearns for confidences, she fancies that she is "dying for a little love." With Antenor, her husband, she keeps up all the time a prosaic, humdrum happiness, looking after his affairs, anxious about his health, rather patronisingly affectionate and wifely; but her poetical heart is elsewhere, and her leisure moments are given up to romantic vows with Rosania and Lucasia, and correspondence about the human heart with the noble Silvander. The whole Society, one cannot help feeling, was entirely created and kept alive by the sensibility of Orinda, and nothing but her unremitting efforts could have sustained its component parts at the proper heights of sympathy. Mrs. Philips, in fact, had come to the conclusion that, as she put it, "Men exclude women from friendship's vast capacity," and she was determined, in spite of the difficulties in her path, to produce some shining specimens of female friendship. The seventeenth century was quite astonished, and looked on with respectful admiration, while the good Orinda laboured away, undeterred by the irritating circumstance that her *sociétaires* would get married at the very moment when they seemed approaching perfection, and that after marriage they were much more difficult for her to manage than before. Her first great disappointment was the "apostasy" of Rosania, on which occasion she lifted up her voice to the "great soul of Friendship," and was rewarded by unusual response from Lucasia, on whom it is possible that the absence of Rosania had acted in an exhilarating manner. But it is time to quote some of those addresses to her friends by which she distinguishes herself so clearly from all the writers of her generation, and by which she must be known in future, if she be known at all. After receiving one of those compliments from the great men of her age, which began to flow in upon her retirement at Cardigan, Orinda thus expressed her satisfaction to Lucasia, and stirred her up to fresh efforts of sentiment.

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That miracles man's faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let's prove
There's a religion in our love.

We court our own captivity,—
Than thrones more great and innocent;
'Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united easier flow;
We are ourselves but by rebound,
And all our titles shuffled so,—
Both princes, and both subjects too.

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,
While they,—such power in friendship lies,—
Are altars, priests and offerings made,
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the sacrifice.

It cannot be denied that these are vigorous lines, full of ingenious fancy, nor were there many men then living in England who could surpass them. We are dealing with a school whose talent has evaporated, and we must not forget to judge such verse by the standards of its time. Of Milton nobody was thinking; Dryden was still silent; Herrick and Wither had ceased to write; and it may safely be said that there was nothing in the lines just quoted which Cowley, or Waller, or Denham would have disdained to sign. Lucasia was also the theme of some verses which close, at all events, in a very delicate harmony:—

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say, without a crime,
I am not Thine, but Thee.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such as mine;
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

The piece which Keats admired so much that he took the trouble of copying it in full, was inspired by Miss Mary Aubrey, and may be given here as a final example of the manner of Orinda:—

I have examined and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind,
But only, only thee;

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.

To part with thee I needs must die,
 Could parting separate thee and I.

But neither chance nor compliment
 Did element our love;

'Twas sacred sympathy was lent
 Us from the Quire above.

That friendship Fortune did create
 Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

Our changed and mingled souls are grown

To such acquaintance now,
 That, if each would resume her own,
 Alas! we know not how;

We have each other so engrost,
 That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
 Nor shall we be confined;

Our active souls will daily go
 To learn each other's mind.

Nay, should we never meet to sense
 Our souls would hold intelligence.

Inspired with a flame divine,

I scorn to court a stay;
 For from that noble soul of thine
 I ne'er can be away.

But I shall weep when thou dost grieve,
 Nor can I die whilst thou dost live.

By my own temper I shall guess

At thy felicity,
 And only like thy happiness,
 Because it pleaseth thee.

Or hearts at any time will tell
 If thou or I be sick or well.

All honour sure I must pretend,

All that is good or great;
 She that would be Rosania's friend
 Must be at least complete;

If I have any bravery,
 'Tis 'cause I have so much of thee.

Thy higher soul in me shall lie,

And all thy thoughts reveal,
 Then back again with mine shall fly,
 And thence to me shall steal;

Thus still to one another tend:
 Such is the sacred name of Friend.

Thus our twin souls in one shall grow,

And teach the world new love,
 Redeem the age and sex, and show

A flame Fate dares not move:
 And, counting Death to be our friend,
 Our lives too shall together end.

A dew shall dwell upon our tomb
 Of such a quality,
 That fighting armies thither come
 Shall reconciled be.
 We'll ask no epitaph, but say,
 ORINDA and ROSANIA.

For ten years Katherine Philips continued to live at Cardigan in the midst of this enthusiastic circle of friends, and in a social quiet that was broken only by her own agitations of spirit. In 1654, in the seventh year of her marriage, she bore her first child, a son who was named Hector, and who only lived forty days. She bewails his loss in many verses, which are not the less affecting because they are stiff in form. She was ultimately consoled for her boy's death by the birth of a girl, who survived her, and eventually married a Mr. Wogan, of Pembroke-shire. It is unfortunate that we cannot trace the course of Orinda's intimacy with Jeremy Taylor, although it is most probable that he visited her Society at Cardigan during the years that he lived near to her in Carmarthenshire. At all events, when, in 1659, he dedicated his *Discourse on the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship* to "the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Philips," he paid her the most delicate and affectionate compliments, and showed himself well acquainted with the tenour of her mind. His treatise was, indeed, a public testimony from a man of the highest authority, to the success with which she had proved women to be capable of the serene and exalted virtue of friendship.

This tribute from the famous Bishop of Down and Connor inaugurated that brief period in which Orinda ceased to be a provincial notoriety, and became for the small remainder of her life a prominent figure in contemporary society. At the Restoration she sang out loud and clear, in strains that were proved to be sincere by her long and unflinching resistance to the Commonwealth. As Arion she goes forth to meet his Majesty upon a dolphin:—

Whom does this stately navy bring?
 O, 'tis Great Britain's glorious King!
 Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
 Swift as desire and calm as peace.
 Charles and his mighty hopes you bear;
 A greater now than Caesar's here,
 Whose veins a richer purple boast
 Than ever hero's yet engrossed,
 Sprung from a father so august
 He triumphs in his very dust.

She hails the fine weather for the coronation as a "bright parenthesis" placed by heaven itself between two storms of rain, and she indites separate copies of verses to all the ladies of the royal family. Soon the Duchess of York becomes aware of this ardent poetess in the West, and commands her to send some specimens of her poems; and in a little

time we find Orinda, unable to stay at Cardigan when the world of London had suddenly become so distractingly interesting, on a visit to town. We find her the guest of Cowley at Barn Elms, and invited to inscribe her name on one of his immemorial trees. And at the close of this visit to London in 1661 she suddenly becomes vividly present to us for the rest of her life.

We have already mentioned her friendship for Sir Charles Cotterel, whom she named Poliarchus. He was a Royalist courtier of great elegance and erudition, who had long been steward to the Queen of Bohemia, and was now master of the ceremonies at the Court of Charles II. He dabbled gracefully in literature, was a very accomplished linguist, and long after the death of Orinda achieved an ephemeral reputation as the translator of the novels of La Calprenède. He survived Katherine Philips nearly a quarter of a century, dying in 1687, and what then became of his collection of her letters does not appear. In 1705, however, forty years after her death, Bernard Lintott published, without any bibliographical information, forty-eight *Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus*, which are not only extremely well written and vivacious, but full of autobiographical matter, and amply furnished with dates. By means of these letters we can follow Orinda closely through the last and most interesting months of her life.

The first letter is dated from Acton, Dec. 1, 1661. She has come up to London to prosecute some business for her husband, and is staying with his brother, to the members of whose family she had at various occasions indited poems. Sir Charles Cotterel has paid her a visit in the course of which he has confided to her his hopeless passion for a lady named Calanthe, and she is full of concern for his peace of mind. Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out how suddenly the prose of the Restoration threw off its traditional involutions and false ornament, and became in a great measure the prose that we wish to use to-day. The *Letters* of Orinda form a singular instance of the truth of this criticism, and compare very favourably with such letters as those of Howel in point of simplicity of style. Thus, for instance, she refers to Sir Charles Cotterel's agitation of mind :—

The great disturbance you were in when you went hence, and the high and just concern I have for you, have made me take the resolution to trouble you with my most humble and earnest request to resist the attempts your present passion is like to make on your quiet, before it grows too imperious to be checked by the powers of either reason or friendship. There is nothing more easy than to captivate one's self to love or grief, and no more evident mark of a great soul than to avoid those bondages. I hope, therefore, you will not think it altogether unbecoming the friendship you have given me leave to profess for you, to entreat you to overcome those passions, and not give way to melancholy, which will unhinge your excellent temper, and bring so great a cloud on the happiness of your friends. Consider for how many important interests you are responsible, and exert all the powers of reason with which your excellent judgment abounds, to shake off your sorrows, and live cheerfully and long the delight of all who have the honour of your acquaintance.

Calanthe had been in correspondence with Orinda, and that faithless confidante had shown her letters to Poliarchus, hence many entreaties that her weakness may not be divulged to the injured fair. It is plain that Orinda greatly enjoyed her position as go-between in this interesting love affair, which, however, very shortly languished, and left upon the ensuing correspondence only this trace, that Sir Charles Cotterel having written such passages in his letters to Orinda as were not to be read by Calanthe, in Italian, Orinda was obliged to learn that language, to which, indeed, she forthwith gave herself very assiduously. Her visit to London came to an end in March 1662, and she wrote to Poliarchus a sprightly letter from Gloucester on her return journey. A very interesting letter, dated Cardigan Priory, March 18, announced her return. She found Wales exceedingly dull at first, after the pleasures of courtly and literary society in London. She complained that she could not find any satisfaction in "my beloved rocks and rivers, formerly my best entertainment," and she longed to be able once more to enjoy Sir Charles Cotterel's conversation, which was to her "above all the flights of panegyrick." Her one consolation was that the faithful Lucasia was still at Cardigan, though threatening every day to be gone to her own home. Descending to mundane things, poor Orinda confessed that she had been much disappointed in the condition of her husband. He is dull, apathetic and depressed, was roused to no interest by her account of the conduct of his affairs in London, and terrifies her by his absolute indifference to business. From the sluggishness of Antenor she turns again to the pleasures of literature, and by an amusing affectation characteristic of the school she belonged to, she tells Poliarchus that she is reading English books with patience and French ones with pleasure.

She spent the month of April with her beloved friend at Llanshipping, but, alas! the hour of the apostasy of Lucasia was approaching. While Orinda was amusing herself with the idea that Poliarchus was showing her poems at Court, and while she was signing herself to him "more than all the world besides your faithful Valentine," Miss Anne Owen was herself accepting a valentine in a less platonic sense. It seems to have all happened at Llanshipping under the very nose of Orinda, without attracting the attention of that active creature. When at last she found it out, she was beside herself with chagrin and indignation. The bridegroom was a son of Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the match was one thoroughly approved of by both families. Orinda, as she says herself, "alone of all the company was out of humour; nay, I was vexed to that degree that I could not disguise my concern, which many of them were surprised to see, and spoke to me of it; but my grief was too deeply rooted to be cured with words." Her position, indeed, was a very trying one; nor ought we to smile at the disappointment of this worthy little lady, who had worshipped a divinity so long only to find her suddenly composed of common clay. The event was certainly hurried, for before the middle of May Lucasia was married, Orinda meanwhile indulging herself

in transports of jealousy, and in long correspondence on the subject with Rosania and Poliarchus. When the young people were actually married, Orinda remained with them at Llanshipping, and when they prepared to go over to Ireland, where the bride's new home was, she announced her intention of accompanying them. The vigilance of friendship, however, was not the only or the main cause of this determination. There were several suits to be tried in Dublin, involving heavy gains or losses to her husband, and as he could by no means be roused to an interest in these, Mrs. Philips resolved to undertake them herself. On July 19, 1662, she writes from Rosstrevor, in County Down, where she had been enjoying the society of Jeremy Taylor, who had been settled something less than two years in his diocese. This august companionship did not prevent Orinda from exercising a sharp supervision over the newly-married pair. She informs Poliarchus, in a strain of the finest unconscious humour, that she believes the bridegroom to be of a most stubborn and surly humour, although, "to speak sincerely, she has not been able hitherto to detect in him the marks of any ill nature," and what exasperates her most of all, in her character of the social banshee, is that Lucasia herself "pretends to be the most satisfied creature in the world."

In July 1662, Mrs. Philips began what was evidently the happiest year of her life by taking up her abode in Dublin. At the Restoration the great difficulty of settling the claims of those Irish gentlemen who demanded the King's favour, and the endless litigations respecting the forfeited lands in Ireland, brought over to Dublin a large company of distinguished lawyers with their families, and gave the city a temporary show and glitter. It was many years before affairs were in any degree settled, and the English colony in Dublin settled down to enjoy themselves as best they might. Orinda found herself thrown at once into the distinguished company which gathered round the Lord-Lieutenant, the great first Duke of Ormonde, and she received an exceptionally warm welcome in the family of the Countess of Cork. Of all the Boyles, however, at that moment, the most influential was Roger, Earl of Orrery, whose enthusiastic admiration for Orinda displayed itself at once in every species of compliment and hospitality. He was eminent alike as a soldier, a statesman, and a poet, one of the most influential men in the three kingdoms, and at that moment engaged in Ireland upon a most arduous and painful office. He had just been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland under the Duke of Ormonde, and his friendship was not merely flattering and agreeable to Orinda, but extremely advantageous. He placed her among the ladies of his family, obtained for her the protection and personal friendship of Lady Cork, and in fact did all that was possible to make her stay in Dublin pleasant. Another distinguished person with whom she swore eternal friendship in Dublin was the young Earl of Roscommon, not yet famous as the author of the *Essay on Translated Verse*, and indeed only twenty-eight years of age, but already looked upon as a patron of poetry, and as a very agreeable and

eligible bachelor, "distempered," unfortunately, "with a fatal affection for play." Another Dublin acquaintance was James Tyrell, the politician and historian; another was John Ogilby, a man belonging to a generation earlier than all these, who had successfully outwitted Sir William Davenant, and had contrived to persuade Charles II. to send him out to Dublin as Master of the Revels. Ogilby is still sometimes remembered as the translator of the *Odyssey* and of the *Æneid*. That Orinda impressed all these persons with a great sense of her intellectual power and moral excellence is evident from the nature of the eulogies they poured upon her while she lived and long after she died. When a man in the position of Lord Orrery says in print of a little plain Welsh lady of the middle class,

Madam, when I but knew you by report,
I feared the praises of the admiring Court
Were but their compliments, but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just,

we may be sure that he is trying to express with sincerity a very genuine admiration. Nor is the Earl of Roscommon, who addresses her as "Dear Friend," less sincere, though more ridiculous, when he states it to be his experience that when he meets hungry wolves in the Seythian snows,

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem *submissively* to roar in verse.

On one of the earliest occasions upon which Mrs. Philips met Lord Orrery, in August 1662, she ventured to show him her latest effusion, a scene she had translated from the third act of Corneille's tragedy of *La Mort de Pompée*. Orrery admired it excessively, and laid his entreaties, almost his commands, upon her to complete it in the same style—that is, in rhymed heroic verse. She set to work and completed the task, a very considerable one, by the middle of October. She found that it relieved her, in combination with select passages from Seneca and Epictetus, from absolutely breaking her heart over Lucasia, whose husband at last insisted on taking her back to their house at Rosstrevor. Orinda, ensconced in her snug nest of quality at Dublin, full of literary ambition, and scribbling day and night at *Pompey*, seems to have missed her friend as little as could be expected. She was treated as a very great celebrity; and when she had occasion to hand round some MS. verses which Cowley had just sent her for approval, she must have felt that her cup of literary importance was full. So, caressed by Lady Cork and complimented by all the lettered earls, she passed the months of August and September 1662 in a sort of golden dream, scarcely finding time, amid all her avocations, to write a hasty letter to the devoted Poliarchus, to whom, however, *Pompey* was sent in quick instalments. She gives him an interesting account, in October, of the theatre which the new master of the revels, Ogilby, was building at Dublin—a theatre

that cost 2,000*l.* to put up. She holds it to be much finer than Davenant's in London; and she is present when the season opens with a performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *Wit without Money*. As soon as the rough draft of *Pompey* was finished, she busied herself with her husband's affairs—"putting in Antenor's claim as an adventurer in my father's right here in Ireland"—and this, with two other minor lawsuits, occupies her spare time until the summer of the ensuing year. Her most serious attention, however, settles upon *Pompey*. Sir Charles Cotterel takes so much interest in it that she says, "I look on you as more a friend to me than David was to Jonathan;" but she shows a little temper when he offers some verbal criticism. For instance, and this is interesting historically, he objects to the word *effort* as not English, and she replies that it has been naturalised here these twelve years.

Orinda spent the winter of 1662 at Dublin, touching up the text of *Pompey*, writing songs for it, and having them put to music—not without regret that her friend, the great Henry Lawes, who died just as the first MS. of the play reached London, could not adorn them with immortal strains. Lord Orrery, who looked upon himself as the "onlie begetter" of this tragedy, moved heaven and earth to bring it out upon the stage; and, when Ogilby had made arrangements for its representation, Orrery spent 100*l.* out of his own pocket to buy handsome Egyptian and Roman dresses and bring out the tragedy in style. To his mother, Lady Cork, it was dedicated. Lord Roscommon wrote the prologue, and Sir Edward Dering the epilogue; each of them so ordered their verses that they should be delivered by the actor while turning to the Duke of Ormonde's box. New dances and a masque were introduced here and there by Ogilby, and on the second week of February 1663 it was finally presented to the public. It enjoyed an unbounded success; but, unfortunately, the letter in which Mrs. Philips gave Sir Charles Cotterel an account of the performance has not been preserved. Her friends, however, pressed her to print the play, and from the success which attended this experiment we may judge of the reception of the piece on the boards. An edition of 500 was printed, a single packet only being sent to London, and in a fortnight the whole of the impression was sold. In London the demand was so great, that, hardly had the few copies sent arrived at the capital, than Mr. Herringman, the poet's publisher in those early days of the Restoration, wrote to ask Orinda's leave to bring out a London edition. Meanwhile, Orinda had certain literary experiences. She made the acquaintance of Samuel Tuke, whose very successful play of the *Adventures of Five Hours* was awakening delusive hopes of a great new dramatist; and she welcomed in *Hudibras* the advent of one much greater than Tuke. Her first impulse of criticism was that which the world has endorsed: "In my life I never read anything so naturally and so knowingly burlesque." In May, her troubles as an authoress began. A miscellany of poems by living writers appeared, in which

some of her lyrics were pirated and widely advertised; and her serenity was shaken, a week or two later, by the fact that two London publishers were quarrelling for *Pompey*, and did, in fact, bring out, in the month of June, two simultaneous editions of that lucky play. And now it came to her knowledge that, while she had been thus busily employed, she had cut the ground from under the feet of some of the most celebrated wits of the day; for Waller had set his heart on translating *Pompée*, and had finished one act before Orinda's version was heard of. The other four acts had been supplied by Sir Edward Fillmore, Sir Charles Sedley, and the young men who were afterwards known as the Earls of Dorset and Middlesex. As early as January 1663 it was announced that this translation was complete and immediately to appear. The success, however, of the Irish version checked the London one; and Orinda, hearing nothing of her illustrious rivals, became frightened, and wrote to Waller a letter deprecating his anger. His reply, which reached her early in June, reassured her; the courtly poet was characteristically smooth, courteous, and obliging, and, if he felt annoyance, contrived most wittily to avoid the show of it. At last, on July 16, 1663, having gained the two most important of her three suits, Mrs. Philips set sail from Dublin to Milford, and went home to her husband at Cardigan after an absence of exactly twelve months.

She found the excellent Antenor much improved in health, and she settled down to spend the autumn and winter at home. Her new importance as a woman of letters, and her large London correspondence, however, exposed her to a fresh annoyance. The postmaster at Caermarthen scandalously neglected his duty, and letters were constantly delayed and lost. The gentry of the neighbourhood, however, stirred up by the ever energetic Orinda, sent in a memorial to O'Neal, the Postmaster-General, and the indolence at Caermarthen received a sharp reprimand. She found the winter tedious after her happy life at Dublin; she does not complain, but her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel are dejected in tone, and her appeals to her friends to find something in London for her husband to do are constant and pathetic. And now a fresh annoyance occurred. A piratical London publisher managed to obtain copies of all her miscellaneous poems, which she had refused to print, and brought them out surreptitiously in November 1663, the title-page dated 1664. Her friends wrote to her to condole, but did not send her the book, and her anxiety and vexation, combined with the rumour that the verses were very incorrectly printed, threw her into a sharp attack of illness. The volume, however, is not particularly incorrect, and it was prefaced by an ode of Cowley's which should have been balm to the breast of the wounded poetess. In it that eminent rhetorician, speaking in the consciousness of his enormous prestige, addressed her in terms of the highest and most affectionate eulogy, and contrived to throw into one stanza, at least, of his encomiastic ode, some of the most delicately felicitous compliments that a poet ever addressed to a sister in Apollo:—

Thou dost my wonder, would'st my envy raise,
 If to be praised I loved more than to praise;
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
 These as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
 'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather, 'tis angelical!
 For, as in angels, we
 Do in thy verses see
 Both improved sexes eminently meet,—
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

In January 1664 she took in hand another play of Corneille's, and that the one most popular in England through his lifetime—*Horace*. It had been translated before, by Sir William Lower, in 1656, and was attempted later on by Charles Cotton, in 1671. She worked slowly at this, and brought four acts of it, all she was destined to complete, with her when she came to London in March. She was absolutely unable to stay any longer in suspense, and she thought that her energy and influence might secure some post for her husband if she came right up to town. The last three months of her life were brilliantly spent; she was warmly welcomed at court and in the best society. Her last verses, signed June 10, 1664, were addressed in terms of affectionate respect to the Archbishop of Canterbury. They breathe the old ardour, the old moral elevation, the old eager note of the enthusiastic Orinda. Twelve days later she was dead, a victim to small-pox, that frightful epidemic to which the science of the day saw no hope of resistance. She had but half completed her thirty-fourth year. She was buried under a great slab in the church of St. Bennet Sherehog, among the remains of her ancestors.

Thus, in the middle of a brilliant social and literary success, the abhorred shears slipped in and cut the thread. The memory of the matchless Orinda was celebrated in numberless odes. All the Royalist poets combined to do her honour. Cowley mourned her in a massive lyric. Denham demanded the privilege of concluding her *Horace*. Her name was mentioned with those of Sappho and Corinna, and language was used without reproach which would have seemed a little fulsome if addressed to the muse herself. For half a century Orinda was an unquestioned light in English song; then she sank into utter darkness. But her memory is worthy of some judicious revival. She presents us with a clearly defined and curious type of the literary woman, and there are few such in our early literature. She secured the affectionate esteem of the principal people of her time, and we know enough of her character to see that she could not but secure it; and if she sinned against poetry, as we understand it, much may be forgiven to her, for she loved it much.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

The French and English Police Systems.

I.

WHICH country has the best police? This is a question that can only be answered when one has arrived at an understanding of what constitutes a good police. To most foreigners, the ideal police is that of London. In the works of almost every foreign writer who has treated of England, one finds a tribute of admiration to the English policeman—"the worthy representative of a free people," as M. Louis Blanc has called him. Garibaldi and the Shah of Persia have joined in expressing their praise of that blue-coated official "who is respected by the people without being feared or hated;" and the Shah's testimony is especially worthy of note, for in the account of his trip to Europe, in 1874, his Majesty finds not a word to say in favour of the French police. The Shah's approbation of Sir Edmund Henderson's force was even pushed to the point of exaggeration, and let us hope that it was with no intentional purpose of hoaxing his subjects that his Majesty wrote, "The constable's truncheon is an emblem before which all men bow: the man who resists it is instantly put to death."

The testimony of foreigners to the merits of our institutions may be allowed its proper weight; but it must not be forgotten that the majority of foreigners who have written about England have been political refugees here, and their praise of our police has been bestowed rather on account of what it does *not* do than what it does. The Continental conspirator, who has fled from justice, or injustice, in his own country, and has found no rest for the sole of his foot in any other state abroad, is delighted, on landing in England, to find himself free from every sort of surveillance. He is not asked to exhibit a passport or papers of identity; he may lodge where he likes, and under any name he pleases, without being required to register his name, profession, and previous dwelling-places, as in free Belgium, or to take out a *permis de séjour*, as in free Switzerland. So long as he avoids breaking the law, he and the police need never come into contact; and the law allows him exactly the same privileges as to a born Briton. He may form political clubs; he may join in political demonstrations, and yell defiance at monarchs and bishops from the pedestal of the column in Trafalgar Square; he may carry a red flag through Hyde Park; set up a Socialist newspaper in Soho; and plaster every hoarding in the capital with proclamations stating his views of things in general, if he can only afford the expense. Even if a foreigner gets into the custody of the English police for a

breach of the common law, he is treated with a fairness unknown in other European lands. No attempt is made to worm a confession out of him by cross-questions; he is, on the contrary, cautioned to hold his tongue. He is taken before a magistrate in a public court, within twenty-four hours after his arrest, and there the police depose against him only such things as they know for certain, not things they suspect or have heard said. Finally, when the foreigner has been discharged from custody he may continue to reside in England on the same conditions as before, instead of being served with an *arrêt d'expulsion*, as happens to all foreigners who get into trouble with the police of Continental countries.

All this is admirable enough; but it results from our political and judicial systems, and the police are entitled to no praise for it. English police officials are not tyrants because the law does not allow them to be so. They do not meddle with the concerns of law-abiding persons because the powers entrusted to them have been circumscribed within a very narrow sphere. Their duty is simply to preserve the peace, and to bring offenders against the law to justice; it is only under very exceptional circumstances that they are allowed to act upon the assumption that a man who has committed no crime should be arrested as a suspicious character who is planning an offence against the law. In fact, they have no right to pry into the affairs of individuals except under warrants issued by magistrates when it is intended to implead those individuals in the courts. Abroad, the most respectable man may be called upon to furnish evidence to the police that he is not a criminal; and he may be punished by the courts for "rebellion" if he resists a police official who comes to cross-question, lecture, and annoy him without any warrant.

This is a radical difference which must not be overlooked; for it reduces all comparisons between the English and the Continental police to this mere question: as to whether the English police, as an institution for detecting the perpetrators of crimes and for capturing them when they have fled, is equal to the police of Continental countries, and in particular to that of France, which is the best of them all?

To this question—a purely professional one—an eminent French writer, M. Maxime Ducamp, gives a decided negative. In his work on Paris,* 3rd vol., p. 130, he says: "I have often heard the English police extolled to the detriment of ours. This is a mere joke, nothing more. The English police, whose services are not even given to the public gratuitously, implicitly recognises its inferiority, and very often it applies to our police for advice. Scotland Yard writes to our Prefecture: 'In such and such a case what should you do?' and sometimes we are asked such childish questions as whether we do not mark the bodies of our discharged convicts in order to identify them more easily."

* Paris; ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa Vie.

M. Maxime Ducamp might have remembered that until 1832 the practice of marking convicts on the shoulder with the letters "T. F." (*Travaux Forcés*) did exist in France, so that the inquiry of the English police was not a childish one; but it was certainly unfortunate, for it proved that Scotland Yard does not keep itself sufficiently conversant with foreign customs. This, however, was before Mr. Howard Vincent had been placed at the head of the new department for Criminal Investigations.

But M. Ducamp has also omitted to take account of the many superior facilities which the police of Paris enjoys, as compared with that of London, for the detection of crime. It is only by giving a full account of the working of the Parisian police system that one can show what those facilities are, and demonstrate to English readers how manifold are the disadvantages under which Scotland Yard works, and how unreasonable it is to expect that it should be as rapid and generally successful in its operations as the Parisian Prefecture. So far as the activity and ingenuity of individual members of the force go, the English are certainly equal to the French; but before the English police, as a whole, could become equal to that of France we should have to alter all our institutions and sacrifice a good deal of that personal liberty which we esteem very precious.

It should be added that the French themselves think their police a little too perfect, and it is doubtful whether its present powerful organisation will long be suffered to exist. The Municipal Council of Paris have for some time past been making resolute efforts to get the police under their control; and the recent resignation of M. Andrieux, the Prefect, was caused by his utter inability to work harmoniously with a corporation which objected to the enormous powers with which he was armed *ex officio*. The present Prefect, M. Camescasse, will possibly see his powers somewhat curtailed; but considering what the character of the French is, and how much they expect their police to do for them, any changes that may be introduced will probably only be of a temporary character. The Frenchman likes to be governed "paternally." However much he may profess Republican sentiments, personal liberty, such as we understand it, is a thing he cannot conceive; and although he may succeed for a time in disorganising the Prefecture by well-meant reforms, he must change his nature and his institutions very deeply before he can reduce the police to the position which they hold in England as servants of the public, not its masters.

II.

The police of Paris is under the direction of a Prefect, who is appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and who is required to reside at the Prefecture, which stands on the Quai de l'Horloge, adjoining the Palace of Justice and the Prison of the Conciergerie. He has under his

orders a force of nearly 7,000 policemen in uniform, 21 officers of the peace, 80 district commissioners of police (*Commissaires*), 500 detectives, and a number of *agents secrets*, or private paid informers, known only to himself and to the two or three principal members of his staff. This staff consists of the directors, sub-directors, and clerks of twelve sections, each of which transacts a special class of business; thus there is the "Bureau des Etrangers," "Bureau de la Sûreté Générale," "Bureau des Garnis" (for the supervision of hotels and lodging-houses), and so on.

For administrative purposes, Paris is divided into 20 wards (*arrondissements*) and 80 quarters. Each ward has a force of about 325 policemen, commanded by an officer of the peace; and each quarter a police station, managed by a commissaire. The officer of the peace is the captain of the police corps in his ward; he wears a silver-laced uniform and sword, ranks with a captain in the army, and is always a well-educated gentleman, of a status much superior to an English superintendent. He is never chosen from the ranks of the police-sergeants, but is generally selected from what one may call the upper or gentlemen-detectives of the Prefecture, or else from among the secretaries and clerks to the directors. His pay amounts to about 200*l.* a year, and he is lodged in the Mairie of his ward, where he is provided with a comfortable suite of apartments with coal and gas free. His duties are to superintend the men of his brigade, to go rounds of inspection in order to see that they are on their beats, and on important occasions, when great crowds have to be kept in order, or when riots have to be suppressed, he takes command of his brigade in the streets. Three times a day he sends reports to the chief of the municipal police at the Prefecture concerning all that has occurred within his ward. In addition to the brigades in the 20 wards, there is a 'Brigade Centrale' of 250 men and an officer, who, like the A Division of the London police, form a reserve available for special duty.

As the area and population of Paris are barely equal to half those of London, the 7,000 Parisian policemen form a stronger force than the ten thousand and odd who guard the English capital; and we must add to them the gendarmes and Republican guards, who, though under the orders of the Minister of War, may really be described as mounted police. The Parisian policeman, who used to be called *sergent de ville*, but is now termed *gardien de la paix*, has nothing to do beyond keeping order in the streets. It is the Republican guards who escort prisoners in the cellular vans from the gaols to the law-courts, and stand by them in the criminal docks; who attend at theatres, casinos, and all places of public amusement; and who line the streets whenever there is any pageant. On the race-courses soldiers are generally pressed into service to keep the course clear, and thus policemen are never diverted from their regular beats and duties. It is considered so important that a policeman should learn to know all the people in the district where he is stationed that a man's beat is scarcely ever changed. The average term

of service in the force is fifteen years, and during that time a man will have to walk, daily and nightly, the same set of streets, till he knows the face of every man, woman, and child in the locality. By day, each policeman walks singly; by night they always go in pairs, at least in the populous quarters. Their pay begins at 56*l.* a year, and rises gradually to 80*l.*

Every ward of Paris, as above said, has four quarters, and each quarter has its police-station with a commissaire. The Commissaire de Police is an official having no equivalent in England. He is the *custos morum*, the censor, the executive magistrate of the district where he resides. He is not a justice, for he has no power to pass sentences; but he has unlimited power as to ordering the arrest of persons whom he may regard as suspicious characters; and as arrest in France generally involves three days' detention at least, this puts the liberty of the subject at the commissaire's mercy.

In all their difficulties Frenchmen fly to the Commissaire de Police. If two men quarrel in the streets, the policeman who hears them will propose an adjournment to the commissaire's; if a landlord have to deal with a noisy tenant, if parents are vexed by a troublesome child, the Commissaire de Police is appealed to and mostly settles the grievance by reprimanding the offending party, and asking for his promise that he will not offend again. By such rough and ready informal adjudications, a great many trumpery cases which in London would be carried before magistrates are settled out of hand. The commissaire makes no charge for his ministrations; and never refuses to exert his authority to prevent a scandal. A wife will rush to him and say: "My husband has taken to drink of late, and I am tired of expostulating with him—cannot you say something?" and the commissaire will at once send for the husband and remonstrate with him on the error of his ways; or it will be a husband who will come, saying: "My wife's goings on leave much to be desired, and my patience is beginning to fail me. I wish you would tell her that if this goes on there will be trouble," and the commissaire does tell her. Sometimes the commissaires have extremely delicate cases to deal with. A *grande dame*, with her veil down and looking much agitated, will come and confess that by some indiscretion she has put herself in the power of her maid: "Unless I pay the wretched girl a heavy sum of money by to-morrow she threatens to give my husband a letter which she found in my pocket." The *grande dame* need have no fear. In all cases of this description the commissaire sends for the person who seeks to extort money or to wreak a heartless vengeance, compels him to give up the compromising letter, and brings him, or her, to reason by a thorough lecture, backed by the significant declaration: "Now I promise that if you try to take a mean advantage of the secret that has fallen into your power, I will make you repent it." This is quite enough. The terror inspired by the police is very great. No man or woman cares to make an enemy of the Commissaire de Police, for nobody

exactly knows to what point the powers of the police may stretch; and thus many a scandal which might have borne disastrous fruits is nipped in the bud. If a person seeking to trade on a shameful secret ventures, however, to defy the police, he would very soon find that the commissaire's threats were no brute thunder. He would be sent to the Prisoners' Dépôt at the Prefecture, and the commissaire would charge him privately with seeking to extort money. As the examination of prisoners is not held publicly in France, the Juge d'Instruction might keep the man in gaol for months without bringing him to trial, and without anybody except the commissaire and the lady who had been threatened knowing why he was detained. The fact of the lady having been very guilty would not weigh in the least with the Juge d'Instruction, who would feel himself bound to protect the lady's husband from annoyance. The compromising letters which the man had in his possession would be taken from him by force, and he would only be released when he had promised to behave himself. Moreover, his antecedents would be thoroughly sifted, and if any blemish were found in them, the culprit might see himself rated on the police-books as a suspicious character and be ordered to leave Paris instantly on his release.

Whenever a person comes before a commissaire as plaintiff or defendant, the first question put is: "Who are you?" and it may be said that the whole of the French police system turns upon this point of ascertaining correctly who people are. In England it is often quite impossible to find out who a man is. Doubtless, as many as half the criminals who are sent to our prisons have been sentenced under false names. An Englishman may change his name as often as he pleases; marry, re-marry, enlist in the army, re-enlist, get imprisoned and re-imprisoned, and finally be buried under names not his own without anybody knowing or caring who his parents were. In France it is almost impossible for a native to conceal his identity. When a man is born his name and those of his parents are registered at the Mairie of the Commune where he resides, and the copy of the registry forms his *état civil*, which he is required to show on all the important occurrences of his life. On completing his twentieth year he is obliged to draw at the conscription, and if he fail to appear in his commune for this purpose he is entered as a deserter. Before he can marry he must exhibit his *état civil*, to prove who he is, and to show what is his military status—whether he has been a soldier, or whether he be in the first or second class of the Reserves. Every time a child is born to him in wedlock that child's name is entered upon his *état civil*; the deaths of his parents are registered there too; and if the man have incurred any sentence from the law-courts, that sentence and the particulars of his offence will also stand marked upon his registry to all time.

One can see at a glance what assistance this affords to the police. If a man be arrested, or merely suspected, he must say who he is. Concealment is useless, for the police will not release the man until they

have exhausted all means of ascertaining the truth. He may give a false name, or say that he is a foreigner, but the authorities of the place where he professes to have been born will be written to, and if the information he have given be found incorrect he will be liable to six months' imprisonment for being a vagabond; nor will his troubles end there, for the police will take it for granted that he is only concealing his identity because he has committed some great crime, and he will be placed under surveillance till his life becomes so burdensome that he will tell the truth to get a little peace. French criminals of the lower classes scarcely ever try to conceal their identity. In the course of fifty years the Prefecture have had many cases of Englishmen and Americans who gave false names and whose identity could not be discovered because the English and American police could afford no assistance in the matter, but they can only quote one case of a Frenchman who obstinately resisted all endeavours to ascertain what his name was. This wretched man had been arrested for a petty theft, and stated that he was an Italian. This proved to be false; at least it was discovered that no person bearing his name had been born in the commune which he described as his birthplace. He was kept in prison fifteen months, and questioned eighty times by a Juge d'Instruction, but to no purpose, so that he was at last tried for being a thief and vagabond, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. On his release he was treated as a foreigner—that is, he was expelled the country by order of the Prefect of Police, and being conveyed to the frontier between two gendarmes was given up to the Italian authorities as a suspected criminal. The Italian police system being like the French, the vagabond was taken to gaol and asked to give an account of himself. As he persisted in telling palpable untruths about his birthplace he was kept for several months in durance, then sentenced to six months for vagabondage, and on the expiration of his term, he was sent back to France. This time the French police did not arrest him, but they watched him. The unhappy man seeking for work as a stone-mason soon found employment; but gave his master a name different to that under which he had been sentenced. The police were down upon him at once. Having ascertained that his new name was not his own they got him sentenced again to a year's imprisonment, "*pour usurpation de faux noms*," and upon his discharge they told him plainly that he could expect no peace until he made an avowal of his identity. He was consigned to a "Dépot de Mendicité" or depot for incorrigible vagabonds, and there committed suicide. Who he was has never been ascertained; but the relentless pertinacity with which he was hunted to death shows what a grim duel it is which the French police wages against criminals.

If this unfortunate man had given himself out as an Englishman and had got himself conveyed to Dover, his troubles would have ceased when he touched English soil, for the British police would have had no right to worry him or to ship him back to France. The French authorities complain that the lax laws under which criminals thrive in England

cause the Prefecture an infinity of trouble, and keep Paris flooded with adventurers, pickpockets and welshers. Every now and then when some great race, exhibition or public fête is going to take place in Paris, Scotland Yard telegraphs to the Prefecture that divers well-known pickpockets have been seen to start for France. The French police are sometimes quick enough to capture some of these gentlemen when they land at Calais, and order them back by the next boat; but they moan at being put to so much trouble. "Why do not the London detectives collar men whom they know to be pickpockets?" they say. "If we so much as suspect a man of earning his living dishonestly we arrest him, question him as to his means of livelihood, and imprison him as a vagabond again and again until he takes to working honestly for his bread."

Happily there are more honest men than rogues among the crowds of English who daily visit France; but all foreigners who make a stay in the country are more closely watched than they may fancy. A staff of 200 detectives called *inspecteurs des garnis* are exclusively employed in Paris in collecting the names of natives and foreigners who reside in hotels or lodgings. Every landlord of an hotel, or letter of lodgings, is obliged to give up these names and to report any suspicious circumstance that he may notice in the conduct of his lodgers. The names are taken to the office of the district commissaire, and thence forwarded, each written on a separate piece of oval card-board, to the Prefecture. Here they are copied into immense ledgers; and then the slips are handed over to the "Division de la Sûreté," where they are all compared with the Black Books in which are entered the names of persons who are "wanted" or who have been expelled the country by order of the Prefect. Agreeably to an old monarchical custom which arose more than a century ago, a special list of "distinguished arrivals" is made out every day and is sent to the King, Emperor, or President for the time being; so that whenever an English peer visits Paris, M. Grévy is duly made acquainted with the fact at breakfast time on the following day. Napoleon III. never failed to read his lists of distinguished strangers, which were made to include all persons bearing titles, and His Majesty used sometimes to set marks against the names of persons whom he wished to be specially watched or honoured. To this day the Prefect of Police always pays a personal call on royal princes and eminent foreign statesmen who arrive in Paris, and asks if he can make himself agreeable to them in any way. Princes travelling *incognito* have a detective or two attached to their footsteps, although they may not always be aware of it.

Incessant activity reigns in the "Bureaux des Garnis," "des Etrangers" and "de la Sûreté." There is no rest there on Sundays or feast days, day or night. Every day brings its thousands of new names which have to be copied, sorted, and classed; and its hundreds of applicants for information. From the police of foreign countries, from the judicial authorities of Paris and the provinces, come requests that

such and such a person supposed to be lurking in Paris may be looked for; and private persons are constantly applying for assistance in hunting for missing friends or debtors.

The police will not supply information to private persons unless they be well assured that the purpose for which they want it is a proper one. Faithful to their principle of preventing disorder, they will not help an infuriated creditor to discover a man who owes him money, or an exasperated husband in tracking an absconding wife. If these people have a grievance which the law can remedy, their proper course is to lodge a complaint with the Commissaire de Police of the district where they reside, and this functionary will order researches to be made if he thinks good. But the police will always help parents in discovering runaway sons or daughters who are minors, and even husbands in finding their wives if they can feel sure that these persons are not bent on pursuing vengeance. The immense experience and tact of the higher *employés* of the Prefecture enable them to judge each case on its merits, and to decide when information should be given, and when it should be withheld. Their aim is to render the operation of the police beneficial; and they will do nothing to promote scandal, gratify private grudges, or serve foolish designs.

But out of the mass of information they collect the police are constantly sifting facts to assist them in spying out crime and detecting offenders before these latter have been denounced to them. Some time ago a firm of London jewellers was robbed of jewels to the value of several thousands of pounds. They had reason to believe that the thief, who was a clerk of theirs, had fled to Paris, and they started in pursuit. On arriving at the Prefecture and lodging their complaint, they were astounded at discovering that their clerk and all his stolen property were already in the hands of the police. The thing had happened in this way; the clerk had on the day of his arrival pawned a good many jewels, not knowing that the *Monts de Piété* are government institutions, and that they daily furnish the police with a list of the persons to whom they have lent money. The officials who examine these lists noticed that a certain A. B. had been very busy pawning jewellery at different loan offices, and a detective was at once sent to his hotel to make inquiries. The clerk was out, but the detective was shown to his room, overhauled his luggage, and found that one of his boxes weighed very heavy. The clerk soon afterwards returned, was ordered to open this box, and on its being found to contain a quantity of valuable trinkets was taken into custody. The London jewellers in their gratitude wanted to present the police with 1,200*l.*, but this generous offer was declined: as the Prefecture makes it a point of honour never to accept gratuities. In this matter the English police might well take example.

Everybody knows from reading police reports how easy it is for a thief to dispose of stolen property at an English pawnbroker's. If a man be respectably dressed no pains are taken, as a rule, to ascertain

whether the account he gives of himself is a true one. He may call himself by what name he likes ; the pawnbroker does not even ask him for a card to show that he is giving his right name and address. In France, on the contrary, stolen property is so difficult to dispose of that men who try to pawn or sell without being conversant with police rules are constantly putting their feet into traps. At the *Monts de Piété* sums up to 15 francs are lent on the mere production of a stamped envelope with a post mark, bearing the pledger's name and address ; but if the loan exceed 15 francs the pledger must exhibit either a passport, his *feuille d'état civil*, his receipt for rent, or else be accompanied by two credible witnesses who can certify to his identity. When a man presents himself at a loan office without being provided with the necessary papers, his pledge is detained and a detective is sent home with him to get the papers. If he cannot produce these he is conducted before a commissaire. The formalities which attend sales are quite as precise. A French tradesman is forbidden to buy anything whatever of a stranger until he has obtained proof of who he is and where he lives. If the information published on these points is not satisfactory, he must pay the purchase money of the article offered for sale at the residence of the seller, and if the latter declines to let himself be accompanied to his dwelling, the tradesman must carry the article offered for sale to the office of the commissaire. It may be that some of these formalities are occasionally evaded ; but this cannot often be the case, for the risks of detection are great, and the penalties for remissness heavy. Every tradesman knows that when a thief is caught the Juge d'Instruction always ends by worming full avowals out of him : therefore by purchasing goods of a stranger a man renders himself liable to the visit of a detective, who may overhaul his books, and finding no entry, or an irregular entry of a certain purchase, may prosecute him as a receiver of stolen goods. Moreover, if a tradesman be once caught evading the law, the police will be sure to keep watch over him afterwards, and will send secret agents to his shop from time to time to offer goods for sale. Woe to him, then, if the chance of making a good bargain tempts him to offend a second time.

The system of laying traps for people is much resorted to by the police ; and it entertains a salutary terror among many who are exposed to the temptation of becoming dishonest. Parisian cabmen and omnibus conductors are very particular about carrying to the Prefecture any article that may be left in their vehicles, because they can never be sure but that the person who left the article did so intentionally. The lady who drops a bracelet, the gentleman who forgets a bagful of Napoleons, may be secret agents of the Prefecture ; besides, the cabman knows that he has everything to gain by being honest. If the article left in his cab be not claimed within a year and a day it becomes his property ; if the owner be forthcoming, the Prefecture takes care that the cabman shall get a suitable reward for his honesty, and it also sets a good mark to his

name which may stand him in good stead should he ever commit a little peccadillo deserving punishment. The cabman who is convicted of dishonesty is deprived of his licence for ever.

All persons plying any trade or avocation in the streets of Paris are required to take out a licence. In the office of the Prefecture where these documents are delivered, one may see any day the most motley crowd of blind men, beggar women, organ-grinders, mountebanks, coal- and water-carriers, shoe-blacks, costermongers, hawkers, newspaper vendors, dog- and bird-fanciers, and flower-girls. Every one of these people must register his or her name and address, and after inquiries have been made he or she will obtain a licence for which no charge is made, but which must be renewed every year. The conditions on which the licence has been delivered are legibly set forth in it, and must be strictly adhered to. A blind man is authorized to take his stand on a certain bridge, a crippled old woman may beg under the porch of a certain church, an organ-grinder or mountebank has a beat of so many streets assigned to him, a costermonger may cry his wares only in a specified quarter of the town and so on. Not many weeks since an American, who had dined a little too well, accosted a flower-girl on one of the boulevards, bought a "button-hole" of her, talked with her for a few minutes and soon afterwards missed a pocket-book which he had carried in the breast-pocket of his coat, and which contained forty-nine 1,000-franc notes. He ran in great consternation to the nearest police-station, where the commissaire advised him to apply at the Prefecture. There the American's complaint was taken down, and the clerk on duty shot a slip of paper down a tube. Ten minutes later an inspector entered saying: "The flower-girl with whom you talked on the Boulevard — must have been a girl named C. D., who lives in the Rue F—— at Montmartre. But she has a lover named G——, who lives in the Rue H——. We have telegraphed to the commissaire of the Montmartre quarter to have the pair arrested. Unless the girl has made very great haste we shall probably find her before morning." The American sat down and waited anxiously for about an hour; then the Inspector returned with a telegram: "*C. D. and G. both arrested. Money found on them.*" The American subsequently discovered that the flower-girl, having stolen his money, had jumped into a cab and driven straight to her lodgings to change her dress. She had then gone in quest of her lover and was about to leave his house with him when the commissaire arrived. The girl had made as much haste as she could; but the police, thanks to their copious registers and to the telegraph wires, had been too quick for her.

It does not follow that because a man has a police-licence to hawk, grind an organ, or turn somersaults, his antecedents are immaculate. The police are very good natured in allowing penitent thieves a chance of earning an honest livelihood, and if one of these men applies for a licence, he will not only get it, but will be secured against the competi-

tion of free-booters on his particular beat. Should he, however, relapse into dishonesty after getting his licence, it will be revoked, and he will be expelled from Paris either for a term of years or for the rest of his life. The power of expelling criminals from large cities may be exercised by the police entirely at their discretion. It is a prerogative over which the law courts have no control. By a law passed in 1849 the Prefect of Police may expel from Paris any individual who is a criminal or a disturber of the peace, and the same prerogative is applied to the Commissaires-Centraux (Chiefs of the Police) at Lyons, Marseilles, Lille, and Bordeaux. A person thus expelled *par mesure de salut public*, as the warrant runs, is said to be *en rupture de ban* if he returns to the city whence he has been ejected, and he becomes liable to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding a year. All foreigners who have been sentenced to imprisonment are expelled immediately after their release, often very much to their surprise; and sometimes, when they return a few years afterwards, trusting that their misdeeds have been forgotten, they experience the fresh surprise of being collared, imprisoned again, and ejected for a second time. The police forget nothing. By the help of those formidable ledgers, and those thousands of neatly docketed cardboard boxes in which the records of all criminals are preserved, they can at any time rake up against a man' ugly facts many years old. Many an English pickpocket has discovered this to his cost. At this moment there are six Englishmen and two women who were caught in Paris on the day of the Grand Prix, and who are undergoing thirteen months' imprisonment simply because they presumed on the forgetfulness of the French police. They started for Paris on the day before the race, and a telegram from Scotland Yard heralded their arrival. The police allowed them to go to an hotel in order that they might become chargeable with using false names. As soon as they had entered their aliases on the hotel-books they were apprehended, and each got twelve months *pour usurpation*, and one month *pour rupture de ban*. They had all been sentenced in Paris for picking pockets three years ago, but had flattered themselves that by coming back under new names they would avoid detection. It may be remarked, in passing, that what makes Paris such a popular hunting ground for English pickpockets is that Frenchmen are accustomed to carry pretty large sums of money in their pockets. The Frenchman seldom banks; he transacts all his business with cash and paper-money: and *he never takes the numbers of his bank-notes*.

The power of expulsion, formidable as it is, is not the weightiest of those which the police possesses. A law, whose benefits have been much controverted of late, gives the police absolute authority over women leading notoriously immoral lives. An unfortunate creature who gets into this category is compelled to take out a *carte*, and to submit herself to periodical medical examinations. A set of rules is laid down for her guidance, and if she transgresses these she may be imprisoned for six

months without trial under the mere *fiat* of the inspector who reports her case to the prefect. It is only fair to say that the French police use the irresponsible power thus entrusted to them with considerable discrimination; but it is nevertheless a tremendous power which must be fraught with occasional abuses.

III.

It will be seen from all that precedes that the Prefecture de Police is armed *cap-à-pie* for contending against criminals; but more remains to be said by way of showing how many are the advantages it has over Scotland Yard. Let us take a glance at the building of the Prefecture itself, which holds the *Depôt* to which all persons arrested in Paris are brought.

Every police station in the capital has its cells; but three times a day prison vans come round to clear out the inmates and convey them to the *Depôt*. The advantage of thus collecting all offenders at one central police station where the staff of detectives can get a sight of them are obvious. The *Depôt* contains about 150 cells for the better class of offenders and for very great criminals, and two large halls with airing yards attached. In the first of these are confined the decently dressed and fairly respectable prisoners; in the others all the tattered and dirty vagabonds who have sunk to the most abject depth of poverty.

In both halls the prisoners live in common, sleeping at nights on mattresses laid upon plank beds; and interspersed with them are a number of *moutons* or spy prisoners, whose business it is to set offenders "blabbing." Every day brings a fresh squad of these *moutons*, and their true quality is not known even to the prison warders. They are dressed sometimes as fashionable cracksmen, sometimes as beggars; they pass themselves off for burglars, coiners, or petty thieves, according to the work they may have on hand and which consists in "pumping" certain men. Who are these queer fish? Not regular detectives, but unattached *agents secrets*, forming part of that mysterious host of myrmidons whom the Prefect of Police has at his orders and who are paid by the piece. Many of them must be convicts who earn remission of their sentences and doles of canteen-money by acting as spies. As they are only recompensed when they render effective services, their wits grow terribly keen, and they may generally be trusted to twist criminal novices round their little fingers. When a criminal has remained three days at the *Depôt* he is sent to the House of Detention (*Mazas*), and there he often gets a *mouton* for his cell companion. If this does not suffice to wring the truth out of him the Juge d'Instruction, or examining magistrate, tries the effect of a little tantalizing and moral torture. The man is forbidden to see his friends or to write to them; he is kept in solitary confinement which may last for months; and he is not allowed to buy any little luxuries with his own money; but once a week the Juge tells him that he shall be allowed to see his friends, to write, smoke, have

rations of wine, and eventually obtain a mitigation of his sentence if he tells the truth. So he does tell it at length from sheer weariness. No criminal can hold out long against the system of confinement *au secret* and private examinations. When a man belongs to a gang of malefactors he is always told that his accomplices have confessed and have thrown all the blame upon him; this makes him furious, he denies, calls his pals "traitors," gives up their names, tells all he knows about them, and thus throws into the hands of the police a number of scamps who but for his revelations might have remained at large.

Compare with this system, the calm, fair, judicial arrangement under which prisoners are examined in England—publicly, and with the aid of counsel if they can afford it. The English prisoner is not even questioned; no hearsay evidence is admitted against him; if it were to transpire that the police had employed a convict to try and wheedle a confession out of him a general clamour of public indignation would arise. But the French prisoner is treated as a dangerous beast against whom all's fair. From the moment when he gets into custody the ingenuity of the police is exercised in discovering who he is, in raking up his antecedents, and in framing a case against him out of his own lips. If he be innocent he may yet linger for months and months in prison, because a Juge d'Instruction is an irresponsible official who may take his own time about discharging him under a *nolle prosequi*. If, on the contrary, the man be guilty, the sentence of the law courts marks him with an indelible stain. Neither time nor repentance can obliterate it. To the end of his life, aye, and after his death, it will remain recorded on the books of the Prefecture and in the registry of his *état civil* in the commune where he was born, that in such and such a year he was sent to prison for such and such a crime; and the evidence of this conviction will be open to the inspection of any person who applies for his character. It will stand as a permanent reproach to his children, and his children's children. Years after his death an enemy wishing to pain his descendants may copy the shameful entry from the well-kept registers of the communal Mairie and fling it in their faces.

The admirable system of French police therefore has its drawbacks, apart from those which are produced by petty interferences with the liberty of the subject. At an immense cost, by dint of keeping up a staff of secret agents who pervade all classes of society, drawing-rooms as well as workshops, and who draw between them about 120,000*l.* from the Secret Service Fund; by dint of registering, pigeon-holing, inspecting, worrying, bullying; by dint of heaping up arbitrary imprisonments and exiles, and treating whole classes of the community as outlaws to be warred against without respite or mercy, the Prefecture certainly does contrive to capture offenders against the law more surely than can be done in England. But what if this precious system have the result of promoting crime to a huge extent by making men who have once fallen under the ban of the law utterly desperate? It may strike a

statistician with admiration to learn that the registers of the Prefecture are so beautifully kept that they contain no less than 28,000 entries of persons bearing the name of Martin who have got into trouble during the present century ; but one would like to know what became of these Martins once they had got placed on the police books ? How many of them got enrolled in that hopeless class, who cannot find respectable situations because the records of their *état civil* is ineffaceably blotted—who dare not even marry because in producing their *papiers* they must bring their wretched antecedents to light ? There must have been many of these Martins, who, persecuted and ashamed, joined the ranks of those terrible revolutionary factions who hate the police with a deadly vindictiveness, and who in times of civil war fly to the Prefecture for the purpose of burning it down. The Prefecture and all it contained was burned by the Communists in 1871, when thousands and thousands of *dossiers* were destroyed. But the incendiaries forgot that by help of the communal registers most of these records could be recompiled ; and they have been. The 28,000 Martins did not purge their antecedents in the flames. All that they ever did amiss has been rewritten in new books which will stand until the Prefecture shall be burned again.

It is no good sign when the masses of a country loathe the police and regard the burning of its records as a popular task which every Revolution is bound to perform ; neither is it a good sign when the roll of criminals swells and swells as it does in France year by year. What should we say to 51 murders and 101 attempted murders committed in London in the course of a twelvemonth ? This was the number of those crimes perpetrated in Paris in the year 1880 ; and no less than 31 of them were attempts to murder policemen. Crimes of violence have become so frequent in Paris and France that they seem to indicate an epidemic of moral recklessness among the population ; but coupled with other offences they serve at all events to show that a strenuous police system does not do much towards keeping a hot-blooded people quiet and honest. There were 40,351 persons arrested in Paris in 1880, of whom 3,216 were foreigners, 36,412 of them were convicted and sentenced, and of this number no less than 13,106 had been convicted before. These figures speak for themselves. They do not compare favourably with the statistics of English crime, and they acquire a gloomy significance when one recollects how many desperate characters were shot down or transported after the Commune, leaving gaps in the criminal ranks, which ought not so soon to have been filled up.

Thrawn Janet.

THE Reverend Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life, without relative or servant or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. Many young persons, coming to prepare themselves against the season of the Holy Communion, were dreadfully affected by his talk. He had a sermon on 1st Peter, v. and 8th, "The devil as a roaring lion," on the Sunday after every seventeenth of August, and he was accustomed to surpass himself upon that text both by the appalling nature of the matter and the terror of his bearing in the pulpit. The children were frightened into fits, and the old looked more than usually oracular, and were, all that day, full of those hints that Hamlet deprecated. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on the one side, and on the other many cold, moorish hilltops rising towards the sky, had begun, at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry, to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemmen sitting at the clachan alehouse shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that uncanny neighbourhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule, with a gable to each; its back was towards the kirktown of Balweary, nearly half a mile away; in front of it, a bare garden, hedged with thorn, occupied the land between the river and the road. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on the one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the instancy of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring schoolboys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

This atmosphere of terror, surrounding, as it did, a man of God of

spotless character and orthodoxy, was a common cause of wonder and subject of inquiry among the few strangers who were led by chance or business into that unknown, outlying country. But many even of the people of the parish were ignorant of the strange events which had marked the first year of Mr. Soulis's ministrations; and among those who were better informed, some were naturally reticent and others shy of that particular topic. Now and again, only, one of the older folk would warm into courage over his third tumbler, and recount the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life.

Fifty years syne, when Mr. Soulis cam' first into Ba'weary, he was still a young man—a callant, the folk said—fu' o' book learnin' and grand at the exposition, but, as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion. The younger sort were greatly taken wi' his gifts and his gab; but auld, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be sae ill-supplied. It was before the days o' the moderates—weary fa' them; but ill things are like gude—they baith come bit by bit, a pickle at a time; and there were folk even then that said the Lord had left the college professors to their ain devices, an' the lads that went to study wi' them wad hae done mair and better sittin' in a peat-bog, like their forbears of the persecution, wi' a Bible under their oxter and a speerit o' prayer in their heart. There was nae doot, onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college. He was careful and troubled for many things besides the ae thing needful. He had a feck o' books wi' him—mair than had ever been seen before in a' that presbytery; and a sair wark the carrier had wi' them, for they were a' like to have smooored in the Deil's Hag between this and Kilmakerlie. They were books o' divinity, to be sure, or so they ca'd them; but the serious were o' opinion there was little service for sae mony, when the hail o' God's Word could gang in the neuk of a plaid. Then, he wad sit half the day and half the nicht forbye (which was scant decent) writing, nae less; and first, they were feared he wad read his sermons; and syne it proved he was writin' a book himsel', which was surely no fittin' for ane of his years an' sma' experience.

Onyway it behoved him to get an auld, decent wife to keep the manse for him an' see to his bit denners; and he was recommended to an auld limmer—Janet M'Clour, they ca'd her—and sae far left to himsel' as to be ower persuaded. There was mony advised him to the contrar, for Janet was mair than suspekkit by the best folk in Ba'weary. Lang or that, she had had a wean to a dragoon; she hadnae come forrit* for maybe thretty years; and bairns had seen her mumblin' to hersel' up on Key's Loan in the gloamin', whilk was an unco time an' place for a God-fearin' woman. Howsoever, it was the laird himsel' that had first tauld

* To come forrit—to offer oneself as a communicant.

the minister o' Janet; and in thae days he wad have gane a far gate to plesure the laird. When folk tauld him that Janet was sib to the deil, it was all superstition by his way of it; an' when they cast up the Bible to him an' the witch of Endor, he wad threep it down their thrapples that thir days were a' gane by, and the deil was mercifully restrained.

Weel, when it got about the clachan that Janet M'CLOUR was to be servant at the manse, the folk were fair mad wi' her an' him thegither; and some o' the gudewives had nae better to dae than get round her door cheeks and chairge her wi' a' that was ken't again her, frae the sodger's bairn to John Tamson's twa kye. She was nae great speaker; folk usually let her gang her ain gate, an' she let them gang theirs, wi' neither Fair-gude-een nor Fair-gude-day; but when she buckled to, she had a tongue to deave the miller. Up she got, an' there wasnae an auld story in Ba'weary but she gart somebody loup for it that day; they couldnae say ae thing but she could say twa to it; till, at the binder end, the gudewives up and claught haud of her, and clawed the coats off her back, and pu'd her down the clachan to the water o' Dule, to see if she were a witch or no, soum or droun. The carline skirled till ye could hear her at the Hangin' Shaw, and she focht like ten; there was mony a gudewife bure the mark of her neist day an' mony a lang day after; and just in the hettest o' the collieshangie, wha suld come up (for his sins) but the new minister.

"Women," said he (and he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fair wud wi' terror—an' clang to him, an' prayed him, for Christ's sake, save her frae the cummers; an' they, for their pairt, tauld him a' that was ken't, and maybe mair.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, no a word o't. Forbye the bairn," says she, "I've been a decent woman a' my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, His unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Weel, it wad appear that when he askit that, she gave a girn that fairly frichtit them that saw her, an' they could hear her teeth play dirl thegither in her chafts; but there was naething for it but the oe way or the ither; an' Janet lifted up her hand and renounced the deil before them a'.

"And now," says Mr. Soulis to the gudewives, "home with ye, one and all, and pray to God for His forgiveness."

And he gied Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a sark, and took her up the clachan to her ain door like a ledly of the land; an' her screeghin' and laughin' as was a scandal to be heard.

There were mony grave folk lang ower their prayers that nicht; but when the morn cam' there was sic a fear fell upon a' Ba'weary that the bairns hid theirsels, and e'en the men folk stood and keeikit frae their doors. For there was Janet comin' down the clachan—her or her

likeness, nane could tell—wi' her neck thrawn, and her heid on ae side, like a body that has been hangit, and a girn on her face like an unstreakit corp. By an' by they got used wi' it, and even speered at her to ken what was wrang; but frae that day forth she couldnae speak like a Christian woman, but slavered and played click wi' her teeth like a pair o' shears; and frae that day forth the name o' God cam' never on her lips. Whiles she wad try to say it, but it nichtnae be. Them that kenned best said least; but they never gied that Thing the name o' Janet M'Clour; for the auld Janet, by their way o't, was in muckle hell that day. But the minister was neither to haud nor to bind; he preached aboot naething but the folk's cruelty that had gi'en her a stroke o' the palsy; he skelpt the bairns that meddled her; and he had her up to the manse that same nicht, and dwalled there a' his lane wi' her under the Hangin' Shaw.

Weel, time gaed by; and the idler sort commenced to think mair lightly o' that black business. The minister was weel thought o'; he was aye late at the writing, folk wad see his can'le doon by the Dule water after twal' at e'en; and he seemed aye pleased wi' himself and up-sitten as at first, though a' body could see that he was dwining. As for Janet, she cam' an' she gaed; if she didnae speak muckle afore, it was reason she should speak less then; she meddled naebody; but she was an eldritch thing to see, an' nane wad hae mistrysted wi' her for Ba'weary glebe.

About the end o' July there cam' a spell o' weather, the like o't never was in that country side; it was lown an' het an' heartless; the herds couldnae win up the Black Hill, the bairns were ower wearied to play; an' yet it was gousty too, wi' claps o' het wund that rumm'led in the glens, and bits o' shooers that slockened naething. We aye thoct it but to thun'er on the morn; but the morn cam', an' the morn's morning, and it was aye the same uncanny weather, sair on folks and bestial. Of a' that were the waur, nane suffered like Mr. Soulis; he could neither sleep nor eat, he tauld his elders; an' when he wasnae writin' at his weary book, he wad be stravagin' ower a' the countryside like a man possessed, when a' body else was blythe to keep caller ben the house.

Abune Hangin' Shaw, in the bield o' the Black Hill, there's a bit enclosed grund wi' an iron yett; and it seems, in the auld days, that was the kirkyaird o' Ba'weary, and consecrated by the Papists before the blessed licht shone upon the kingdom. It was a great howff o' Mr. Soulis's, onyway; there he would sit an' consider his sermons; and indeed it's a bieldy bit. Weel, as he cam' ower the wast end o' the Black Hill, ae day, he saw first twa, an' syne fower, an' syne seeven corbie craws flesein' round an' round abune the auld kirkyaird. They flew laigh and heavy, an' squawked to ither as they gaed; and it was clear to Mr. Soulis that something had put them frae their ordinar. He wasnae easy fleyed, an' gaed straucht up to the wa's; an' what suld he find there but a man, or the appearance of a man, sittin' in the inside upon a grave.

He was of a great stature, an' black as hell, and his e'en were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard tell o' black men, mony's the time; but there was something unco aboot this black man that daunted him. Het as he was, he took a kind o' cauld grue in the marrow o' his banes; but up he spak for a' that: an' says he: "My friend, are you a stranger in this place?" The black man answered never a word; he got upon his feet, an' begude to hursle to the wa' on the far side; but he aye lookit at the minister; an' the minister stood an' lookit back; till a' in a meenute, the black man was ower the wa' an' rinnin' for the bield o' the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly kenned why, ran after him; but he was sair for-jaskit wi' his walk an' the het, unhalosome weather; and rin as he likit, he got nae mair than a gliff o' the black man amang the birks, till he won down to the foot o' the hill-side, an' there he saw him ance mair, gaun, hap, step, an' loup, ower Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis wasnae weel pleased that this fearsome gangrel suld mak' sae free wi' Ba'weary manse; an' he ran the harder, an', wet shoon, ower the burn, an' up the walk; but the deil a black man was there to see. He stepped out upon the road, but there was naeboddy there; he gaed a' ower the gairden, but na, nae black man. At the hinder end, and a bit feared as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and into the manse; and there was Janet M'C'lour before 'his e'en, wi' her thrawn craig, and nane sae pleased to see him. And he aye minded sinsyne, when first he set his e'en upon her, he had the same cauld and deidly grue.

"Janet," says he, "have ye seen a black man?"

"A black man?" quo ahe. "Save us a'! Ye're no wise, minister. There's nae black man in a' Ba'weary."

But she didnae speak plain, ye maun understand; but yam-yammered, like a powney wi' the bit in its moo'.

"Weel," says he, "Janet, if there was nae black man, I have spoken with the Accuser of the Brethren."

And he sat down like ane wi' a fever, an' his teeth chittered in his heid.

"Hoots," says she, "think shame to yoursel', minister;" an' gied him a drap brandy that she kept aye by her.

Syne Mr. Soulis gaed into his study amang a' his books. It's a lang, laigh, mirk chalmers, perishin' cauld in winter, an' no very dry even in the tap o' the simmer, for the manse stands near the burn. Sae doon he sat, and thocht of a' that had come an' gane since he was in Ba'weary, an' his hame, an' the days when he was a bairn an' ran daffin' on the braes; and that black man aye ran in his heid like the owercome of a sang. Aye the mair he thocht, the mair he thocht o' the black man. He tried the prayer, an' the words wouldnae come to him; an' he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could nae mak' nae mair o' that. There was whiles he thocht the black man was at his oxter, an' the swat stood upon him cauld as well-water; and there was other whiles, when he cam' to himsel' like a christened bairn and minded naething.

The upshot was that he gaed to the window an' stood glowrin' at Dule water. The trees are unco thick, an' the water lies deep an' black under the manse; an' there was Janet washin' the cla'es wi' her coats kilted. She had her back to the minister, an' he, for his pairt, hardly kenned what he was lookin' at. Syne she turned round, an' shawed her face; Mr. Soulis had the same cauld grue as twice that day afore, an' it was borne in upon him what folk said, that Janet was deid lang syne, an' this was a bogle in her clay-cauld flesh. He drew back a pickle and he scanned her narrowly. She was tramp-trampin' in the cla'es, croonin' to hersel'; and eh! Gude guide us, but it was a fearsome face. Whiles she sang louder; but there was nae man born o' woman that could tell the words o' her sang; an' whiles she lookit side-lang down, but there was naething there for her to look at. There gaed a scunner through the flesh upon his banes; and that was Heeven's advertisement. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himsel', he said, to think sae ill of a puir, auld afflicted wife that hadnae a freend forbye himsel'; an' he put up a bit prayer for him and her, an' drank a little caller water—for his heart rose again the meat—an' gaed up to his naked bed in the gloaming.

That was a nicht that has never been forgotten in Ba'weary, the nicht o' the seeventeent of August, seeventeen hun'er' an' twal'. It had been het afore, as I hae said, but that nicht it was hetter than ever. The sun gaed doon amang unco-lookin' clouds; it fell as mirk as the pit; no a star, no a breath o' wund; ye couldnae see your han' afore your face, and even the auld folk coost the covers frae their beds and lay pechin' for their breath. Wi' a' that he had upon his mind, it was gey and unlikely Mr. Soulis wad get muckle sleep. He lay an' he tumbled; the gude, caller bed that he got into brunt his very banes; whiles he slept, an' whiles he waukened; whiles he heard the time o' nicht, and whiles a tyke yowlin' up the muir, as if somebody was deid; whiles he thoct he heard bogles claverin' in his lug, an' whiles he saw spunkies in the room. He behoved, he judged, to be sick; an' sick he was—little he jaloosed the sickness.

At the hinder end, he got a clearness in his mind, sat up in his sark on the bed-side, and fell thinkin' ance mair o' the black man an' Janet. He couldnae weel tell how—maybe it was the cauld to his feet—but it cam' in upon him wi' a spate that there was some connection between thir twa, an' that either or baith o' them were bogles. And just at that moment, in Janet's room, which was neist to his, there cam' a stramp o' feet as if men were wars'lin', an' then a loud bang; an' then a wund gaed reishling round the fower quarters o' the house; an' then a' was aince mair as seelent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was feared for neither man nor deevil. He got his tinder-box, an' lit a can'le, an' made three steps o't ower to Janet's door. It was on the hasp, an' he pushed it open, an' keeked bauldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's ain, an' plenished wi' grand, auld, solid gear, for he had naething else. There was a fower-posted bed wi' auld

tapestry; and a braw cabinet o' aik, that was fu' o' the minister's divinity books, an' put there to be out o' the gate; an' a wheen duds o' Janet's lyin' here an' there about the floor. But nae Janet could Mr. Soulis see; nor ony sign o' a contention. In he gaed (an' there's few that wad ha'e followed him) an' lookit a' round, an' listened. But there was naethin' to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in a' Ba'weary parish, an' naethin' to be seen but the muckle shadows turnin' round the can'le. An' then a' at aince, the minister's heart played dunt an' stood stock-still; an' a cauld wund blew amang the hairs o' his heid. Whaten a weary sicht was that for the puir man's e'en! For there was Janet hangin' frae a nail beside the auld aik cabinet: her heid aye lay on her shooter, her e'en were steeked, the tongue projeckit frae her mouth, and her heels were twa feet clear abune the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thoct Mr. Soulis; "poor Janet's dead."

He cam' a step nearer to the corp; an' then his heart fair whammed in his inside. For by what cantrip it wad ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hingin' frae a single nail an' by a single wursted thread for darnin' hose.

It's an awfu' thing to be your lane at nicht wi' siccan prodigies o' darkness; but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned an' gaed his ways oot o' that room, and lockit the door ahint him; and step by step, doon the stairs, as heavy as leed; and set doon the can'le on the table at the stairfoot. He couldnae pray, he couldnae think, he was dreepin' wi' caul' swat, an' naethin' could he hear but the dunt-dunt-duntin' o' his ain heart. He might maybe have stood there an hour, or maybe twa, he minded sae little; when a' o' a sudden, he heard a laigh, uncanny steer upstairs; a foot gaed to an' fro in the cha'mer whaur the corp was hingin'; syne the door was opened, though he minded weel that he had lockit it; an' syne there was a step upon the landin', an' it seemed to him as if the corp was lookin' ower the rail and doon upon him whaur he stood.

He took up the can'le again (for he couldnae want the licht), and as saftly as ever he could gaed straucht oot o' the manse an' to the far end o' the causeway. It was aye pit-mirk; the flame o' the can'le, when he set it on the grund, brunt steedy and clear as in a room; naething moved, but the Dule water, seepin' and sabbin' doon the glen, an' yon unhaly footstep that cam' ploddin' doon the stairs inside the manse. He kenned the foot ower weel, for it was Janet's; and at ilka step that cam' a wee thing nearer, the cauld got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made an' keepit him; "and O Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers o' evil."

By this time the foot was comin' through the passage for the door; he could hear a hand skirt along the wa', as if the fearsome thing was feelin' for its way. The saughs tossed an' maned tegether, a lang sigh cam' ower the hills, the flame o' the can'le was blawn aboot; an' there

stood the corp of Thrawn Janet, wi' her grogram goon an' her black mutch, wi' the heid aye upon the shooother, an' the girn still upon the face o't—leevin', ye wad ha'e said—deid, as Mr. Soulis weel kenned—upon the threshold o' the manse.

It's a strange thing that the saul of man should be that thirled into his perishable body; but the minister saw that, an' his heart didnae break.

She didnae stand there lang; she began to move again an' cam' slowly towards Mr. Soulis whaur he stood under the saughs. A' the life o' his body, a' the strength o' his speerit, were glowerin' frae his e'en. It seemed she was gaun to speak, but wanted words, an' made a sign wi' the left hand. There cam' a clap o' wund, like a cat's!fuff; oot gaed the can'le, the saughs skrieghed like folk; an' Mr. Soulis kenned that, live or die, this was the end o't.

"Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone—if you be dead, to the grave—if you be damned, to hell."

An' at that moment, the Lord's ain hand out o' the Heevens struck the Horror whaur it stood; the auld, deid, desecrated corp o' the witch-wife, sae lang keepit frae the grave and hursled round by deils, lowed up like a brunstane punk and fell in ashes to the grund; the thunder followed, peal on dirling peal, the rairing rain upon the back o' that; and Mr. Soulis louped through the garden hedge, and ran, wi' skelloch upon skelloch, for the clachan.

That same mornin', John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as it was chappin' six; before eight, he gaed by the change-house at Knockdow; an' no lang after, Sandy M'Lellan saw him gaun linkin' doon the braes frae Kilmakerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwalled sae lang in Janet's body; but he was awa' at last; and sinsyne the deil has never fashed us in Ba'weary.

But it was a sair dispensation for the minister; lang, lang he lay ravin' in his bed; and frae that hour to this, he was the man ye ken the day.

R. L. S.

May in Umbria.

FROM ROME TO TERNI.

WE left Rome in clear sunset light. The Alban Hills defined themselves like a cameo of amethyst upon a pale blue distance; and over the Sabine Mountains soared immeasurable moulded domes of alabaster thunderclouds, casting deep shadows, purple and violet, across the slopes of Tivoli. To westward the whole sky was lucid, like some half-transparent topaz, flooded with slowly yellowing sunbeams. The Campagna has often been called a garden of wild-flowers. Just now poppy and aster, gladiolus and thistle, embroider it with patterns infinite and intricate beyond the power of art. They have already mown the hay in part; and the billowy tracts of greyish green, where no flowers are now in bloom, supply a restful groundwork to those brilliant patches of diapered *floriture*. These are like praying-carpets spread for devotees upon the pavement of a mosque whose roof is heaven. In the level light the scythes of the mowers flash as we move past. From their bronzed foreheads the men toss masses of storm-black curls. Their mighty flanks and shoulders sway sideways from their firm yet pliant reins. On one hill, fronting the sunset, there stands a herd of some thirty huge grey oxen, feeding and raising their heads to look at us, with just a flush of crimson on their horns and dewlaps. This is the scale of Mason's and of Costa's colouring. This is the breadth and magnitude of Rome.

Thus, through dells of ilex and oak, yielding now a glimpse of Tiber and S. Peter's, now opening on a purple section of the distant Sabine Hills, we came to Monte Rotondo. The sun sank; and from the flames where he had perished, Hesper and the thin moon, very white and keen, grew slowly into sight. Now we follow the Tiber, a swollen, hurrying, turbid river, in which the mellowing western sky reflects itself. This changeful mirror of swift waters spreads a dazzling foreground to reaches of valley, hill, and lustrous heaven. There is orange on the far horizon, and a green ocean above, in which sea-monsters fashioned from the clouds are floating. Yonder swims an elf with luminous hair astride upon a sea-horse, and followed by a dolphin plunging through the fiery waves. The orange deepens into dying red. The green divides into daffodil and beryl. The blue above grows fainter, and the moon and stars shine stronger.

Through these celestial changes we glide into a landscape fit for

Francia and the early Umbrian painters. Low hills to right and left; suavely modelled heights in the far distance; a very quiet width of plain, with slender trees ascending into the pellucid air; and down in the mystery of the middle distance a glimpse of heaven-reflecting water. The magic of the moon and stars lends enchantment to this scene. No painting could convey their influences. Sometimes both luminaries tremble, all dispersed and broken, on the swirling river. Sometimes they sleep above the calm cool reaches of a rush-grown mere. And here and there a ruined turret, with a broken window and a tuft of shrubs upon the rifted battlement, gives value to the fading pallor of the West. The last phase in the sunset is a change to blue-grey monochrome, faintly silvered with starlight; hills, Tiber, fields and woods all floating in aerial twilight. There is no definition of outline now. The daffodil of the horizon has exchanged the tint of the corolla for that paler greenish-yellow of the calyx.

We have passed Stimigliano. Through the mystery of darkness we hurry past the bridges of Augustus and the lights of Narni.

THE CASCADES OF TERNI.

The Velino is a river of considerable volume which rises in the highest region of the Abruzzi, threads the upland valley of Rieti, and precipitates itself by an artificial channel over cliffs about seven hundred feet in height into the Nera. The water is densely charged with particles of lime. This calcareous matter not only tends continually to choke its bed, but clothes the precipices over which the torrent thunders with fantastic drapery of stalactite; and, carried on the wind in foam, incrusts the forests that surround the falls with fine white dust. These famous cascades are undoubtedly the most sublime and beautiful which Europe boasts; and their situation is worthy of so great a natural wonder. We reach them through a noble mid-Italian landscape, where the mountain forms are austere and boldly modelled, but the vegetation, both wild and cultivated, has something of the South-Italian richness. The hill-sides are a labyrinth of box and arbutus, with coronilla in golden bloom. The turf is starred with cyclamens and orchises. Climbing the staircase paths beside the falls in morning sunlight, or stationed on the points of vantage that command their successive cataracts, we enjoyed a spectacle which might be compared in its effect upon the mind to the impression left by a symphony or a tumultuous lyric. The turbulence and splendour, the swiftness and resonance, the veiling of the scene in smoke of shattered water-masses, the withdrawal of these veils according as the volume of the river slightly shifted in its fall, the rainbows shimmering on the silver spray, the shivering of poplars hung above impending precipices, the stationary grandeur of the mountains keeping watch around, the hurry and the incoherence of the cataracts, the immobility of force and changeless changelessness in nature, were all for me the ele-

ments of one stupendous poem. It was like an ode of Shelley translated into language, more vivid through inarticulate appeal to primitive emotion than any words could be.

MONTEFALCO.

The rich land of the Clitumnus is divided into meadows by transparent watercourses, gliding with a glassy current over swaying reeds. Through this we pass, and leave Bevagna to the right, and ascend one of those long gradual roads which climb the hills where all the cities of the Umbrians perch. The view expands, revealing Spello, Assisi, Perugia on its mountain buttress, and the far reaches northward of the Tiber valley. Then Trevi and Spoleto came into sight, and the severe hill-country above Gubbio in part disclosed itself. Over Spoleto the fierce witch-haunted heights of Norcia rose forbidding. This is the kind of panorama that dilates the soul. It is so large, so dignified, so beautiful in tranquil form. The opulent abundance of the plain contrasts with the severity of mountain ranges desolately grand; and the name of each of all those cities thrills the heart with memories.

The main object of a visit to Montefalco is to inspect its many excellent frescoes; painted histories of S. Francis and S. Jerome, by Benozzo Gozzoli; saints, angels and Scripture episodes by the gentle Tiberio d'Assisi. Full justice had been done to these, when a little boy, seeing us lingering outside the church of S. Chiara, asked whether we should not like to view the body of the saint. This privilege could be purchased at the price of a small fee. It was only necessary to call the guardian of her shrine at the high altar. Indolent, and in compliant mood, with languid curiosity and half-an-hour to spare, we assented. A handsome young man appeared, who conducted us with decent gravity into a little darkened chamber behind the altar. There he lighted wax tapers, opened sliding doors in what looked like a long coffin, and drew curtains. Before us in the dim light there lay a woman covered with a black nun's dress. Only her hands, and the exquisitely beautiful pale outline of her face (forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, modelled in purest outline, as though the injury of death had never touched her), were visible. Her closed eyes seemed to sleep. She had the perfect peace of Luini's S. Catherine borne by the angels to her grave on Sinai. I have rarely seen anything which surprised and touched me more. The religious earnestness of the young custode, the hushed adoration of the country-folk who had silently assembled round us, intensified the sympathy-inspiring beauty of the slumbering girl. Could Julia, daughter of Claudius, have been fairer than this maiden, when the Lombard workmen found her in her Latin tomb, and brought her to be worshipped on the Capitol? S. Chiara's shrine was hung round with her relics; and among these the heart extracted from her body was suspended. Upon it, apparently wrought into the very substance of the mummied flesh,

were impressed a figure of the crucified Christ, the scourge, and the five stigmata. The guardian's faith in this miraculous witness to her sainthood, the gentle piety of the men and women who knelt before it, checked all expressions of incredulity. We abandoned ourselves to the genius of the place; forgot even to ask what Santa Chiara was sleeping here; and withdrew, toned to a not unpleasing melancholy. The true Saint Clair, the spiritual sister of S. Francis, lies in Assisi. I have often asked myself, Who then was this nun? What history had she? Is she a rival, or a counterfeit? But the problem, suspended by lack of active curiosity at Montefalco, has never since been solved. And I think now of this girl, as of a damsel of romance, a Sleeping Beauty in the wood of time, secluded from intrusive elements of fact, and folded in the love and faith of her own simple worshippers. Among the hollows of Arcadia, how many rustic shrines in ancient days held saints of Hellas, apocryphal like this, but hallowed by tradition and enduring homage!

FOLIGNO.

In the landscape of Raphael's votive picture known as the Madonna di Foligno, there is a town with a few towers, placed upon a broad plain at the edge of some blue hills. Allowing for that license as to details which imaginative masters permitted themselves in matters of subordinate importance, Raphael's sketch is still true to Foligno. The place has not materially changed since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Indeed, relatively to the state of Italy at large, it is still the same as in the days of ancient Rome. Foligno forms a station of commanding interest between Rome and the Adriatic upon the great Flaminian Way. At Foligno the passes of the Apennines debouch into the Umbrian plain, which slopes gradually toward the valley of the Tiber, and from it the valley of the Nera is reached by an easy ascent beneath the walls of Spoleto. An army advancing from the north by the Metaurus and the Furlo Pass must find itself at Foligno; and the level campaign round the city is well adapted to the maintenance and exercises of a garrison. In the days of the Republic and the Empire, the value of this position was well understood; but Foligno's importance, as the key to the Flaminian Way, was eclipsed by two flourishing cities in its immediate vicinity, Hispellum and Mevania, the modern Spello and Bevagna. We might hazard a conjecture that the Lombards, when they ruled the Duchy of Spoleto, following their usual policy of opposing new military centres to the ancient Roman municipia, encouraged Fulginium at the expense of her two neighbours. But of this there is no certainty to build upon. All that can be affirmed with accuracy is that in the middle ages, while Spello and Bevagna declined into the inferiority of dependent burghs, Foligno grew in power and became the chief commune of this part of Umbria. It was famous, during the last centuries of struggle between the Italian burghers and their native despots, for peculiar ferocity in civil

strife. Some of the bloodiest pages in mediæval Italian history are those which relate the vicissitudes of the Trinci family, the exhaustion of Foligno by internal discord, and its final submission to the Papal power. Since railways have been carried from Rome through Narni and Spoleto to Ancona and Perugia, Foligno has gained considerably in commercial and military status. It is the point of intersection for three lines; the Italian government has made it a great cavalry depôt, and there are signs of reviving traffic in its decayed streets. Whether the presence of a large garrison has already modified the population, or whether we may ascribe something to the absence of Roman municipal institutions in the far past, and to the savagery of the mediæval period, it is difficult to say. Yet the impression left by Foligno upon the mind is different from that of Assisi, Spello, and Montefalco, which are distinguished for a certain grace and gentleness in their inhabitants.

My window in the city wall looks southward across the plain to Spoleto, with Montefalco perched aloft upon the right, and Trevi on its mountain-bracket to the left. From the topmost peaks of the Sabine Apennines, gradual tender sloping lines descend to find their quiet in the valley of Clitumnus. The space between me and that distance is infinitely rich with every sort of greenery, dotted here and there with towers and relics of baronial houses. The little town is in commotion; for the working men of Foligno and its neighbourhood have resolved to spend their earnings on a splendid festa—horse-races, and two nights of fireworks. The acacias and pawlonias on the ramparts are in full bloom of creamy white and lilac. In the glare of Bengal lights these trees, with all their pendulous blossoms, surpassed the most fantastic of artificial decorations. The rockets sent aloft into the sky amid that solemn Umbrian landscape were nowise out of harmony with nature. I have never sympathised with critics who resent the intrusion of fireworks upon scenes of natural beauty. The Giessbach, lighted up at so much per head on stated evenings, with a band playing and a crowd of cockneys staring, presents perhaps an incongruous spectacle. But where, as here at Foligno, a whole city has made itself a festival, where there are multitudes of citizens and soldiers and country-people slowly moving and gravely admiring, with the decency and order characteristic of an Italian crowd, I have nothing but a sense of satisfaction.

It is sometimes the traveller's good fortune in some remote place to meet with an inhabitant who incarnates and interprets for him the Genius Loci as he has conceived it. Though his own subjectivity will assuredly play a considerable part in such an encounter, transferring to his chance acquaintance qualities he may not possess, and connecting this personality in some purely imaginative manner with thoughts derived from study, or impressions made by nature, yet the stranger will henceforth become the meeting point of many memories, the central figure in a composition which derives from him its vividness. Unconsciously and innocently he has lent himself to the creation of a picture,

and round him, as around the hero of a myth, have gathered thoughts and sentiments of which he had himself no knowledge. On one of these nights I had been threading the aisles of acacia trees, now glaring red, now azure, as the Bengal lights kept changing. My mind instinctively went back to scenes of treachery and bloodshed in the olden time, when Corrado Trinci paraded the mangled remnants of three hundred of his victims, heaped on mule-back, through Foligno, for a warning to the citizens. As the procession moved along the ramparts, I found myself in contact with a young man, who readily fell into conversation. He was very tall, with mighty breadth of shoulders, and long sinewy arms, like Michelangelo's favourite models. His head was small, curled over with crisp black hair. Low forehead, and thick level eyebrows absolutely meeting over intensely bright fierce eyes. The nose descending straight from the brows, as in a statue of Hadrian's age. The mouth full-lipped, petulant, and passionate above a firm round chin. He was dressed in the shirt, white trousers, and loose white jacket of a *contadino*; but he did not move with a peasant's slouch, rather with the elasticity and alertness of an untamed panther. He told me that he was just about to join a cavalry regiment; and I could well imagine, when military dignity was added to that gait, how grandly he would go. This young man, of whom I heard nothing more after our half-hour's conversation among the crackling fireworks and roaring cannon, left upon my mind an indescribable impression of dangerousness—of "something fierce and terrible, eligible to burst forth." Of men like this, then, were formed the Companies of Adventure who flooded Italy with villany, ambition and lawlessness in the fifteenth century. Gattamelata, who began life as a baker's boy at Narni, and ended it with a bronze statue by Donatello on the public square in Padua, was of this breed. Like this were the Trinci and their bands of murderers. Like this were the *bravi* who hunted Lorenzaccio to death at Venice. Like this was Pietro Paolo Baglioni, whose fault, in the eyes of Machiavelli, was that he could not succeed in being "*perfettamente tristo*." Beautiful, but inhuman; passionate, but cold; powerful, but rendered impotent for firm and lofty deeds by immorality and treason; how many centuries of men like this once wasted Italy and plunged her into servitude! Yet what material is here, under sterner discipline, and with a nobler national ideal, for the formation of heroic armies. Of such stuff, doubtless, were the Roman legionaries. When will the Italians learn to use these men as Fabius or as Cæsar, not as the Vitelli and the Trinci used them? In such meditations, deeply stirred by the meeting of my own reflections with one who seemed to represent for me in life and blood the spirit of the place which had provoked them, I said farewell to Cavallucci, and returned to my bedroom on the city-wall. The last rockets had whizzed and the last cannons had thundered ere I fell asleep.

SPELLO.

Spello contains some not inconsiderable antiquities—the remains of a Roman theatre, a Roman gate with the heads of two men and a woman leaning over it, and some fragments of Roman sculpture scattered through its buildings. The churches, especially those of S. M. Maggiore and S. Francesco, are worth a visit for the sake of Pinturicchio. Nowhere except in the Piccolomini Library at Siena can that master's work in fresco be better studied than here. The satisfaction with which he executed the wall paintings in S. Maria Maggiore is testified by his own portrait introduced upon a panel in the decoration of the Virgin's chamber. The scrupulously rendered details of books, chairs, window-seats, &c., which he here has copied, remind one of Carpaccio's study of S. Benedict at Venice. It is all sweet, tender, delicate and carefully finished; but without depth, not even the depth of Perugino's feeling. In S. Francesco Pinturicchio, with the same meticulous refinement, painted a letter addressed to him by Gentile Baglioni. It lies on a stool before Madonna and her court of saints. Nicety of execution, technical mastery of fresco as a medium for Dutch detail-painting, prettiness of composition, and cheerfulness of colouring are noticeable throughout his work here rather than either thought or sentiment. S. Maria Maggiore can boast a fresco of Madonna between a young episcopal saint and Catherine of Alexandria, from the hand of Perugino. The rich yellow harmony of its tones and the graceful dignity of its emotion, conveyed no less by a certain Raphaelesque pose and outline than by suavity of facial expression, enable us to measure the distance between this painter and his quasi-pupil Pinturicchio.

We did not, however, drive to Spello to inspect either Roman antiquities or frescoes, but to see an inscription on the city walls about Orlando. It is a rude Latin elegiac couplet, saying that, "from the sign below, men may conjecture the mighty members of Roland, nephew of Charles; his deeds are written in history." Three agreeable old gentlemen of Spello, who attended us with much politeness, and were greatly interested in my researches, pointed out a mark waist-high upon the wall, where Orlando's knee is reported to have reached. But I could not learn anything about a phallic monolith, which is said by Guérin or Panizzi to have been identified with the Roland myth at Spello. Such a column either never existed here, or had been removed before the memory of the present generation.

EASTER MORNING AT ASSISI.

We are in the lower church of S. Francesco. High mass is being sung, with orchestra and organ and a choir of many voices. Candles are lighted on the altar, over-canopied with Giotto's allegories. From

the low southern windows slants the sun, in narrow bands, upon the many-coloured gloom and embrowned glory of these painted aisles. Women in bright kerchiefs kneel upon the stones, and shaggy men from the mountains stand or lean against the wooden benches. There is no moving from point to point. Where we have taken our station, at the north-western angle of the transept, there we stay till mass be over. The whole low-vaulted building glows duskily; the frescoed roof, the stained windows, the figure-crowded pavements blending their rich but subdued colours, like hues upon some marvellous moth's wings, or like a deep-toned rainbow mist discerned in twilight dreams, or like such tapestry as Eastern queens, in ancient days, wrought for the pavilion of an empress. Forth from this maze of mingling tints, indefinite in shade and sunbeams, lean earnest, saintly faces—ineffably pure—adoring, pitying, pleading; raising their eyes in ecstasy to heaven, or turning them in ruth toward earth. Men and women of whom the world was not worthy—at the hands of those old painters they have received the divine grace, the dove-like simplicity, whereof Italians in the fourteenth century possessed the irrecoverable secret. Each face is a poem, the counterpart in painting to a chapter from the Fioretti di San Francesco. Over the whole scene—in the architecture, in the frescoes, in the coloured windows, in the gloom, on the people, in the incense, from the chiming bells, through the music—flows one spirit: the spirit of him who was “the co-espoused, co-transfused with Christ;” the ardent, the radiant, the beautiful in soul; the suffering, the strong, the simple, the victorious over self and sin; the celestial who trampled upon earth and rose on wings of ecstasy to heaven; the Christ-inebriated saint of visions super-sensual and life beyond the grave. Far down below the feet of those who worship God through him, S. Francis sleeps; but his soul, the incorruptible part of him, the message he gave the world, is in the spaces round us. This is his temple. He fills it like an unseen god. Not as Phœbus or Athene, from their marble pedestals; but as a brooding spirit, felt everywhere, nowhere seized, absorbing in itself all mysteries, all myths, all burning exaltations, all abasements, all love, self-sacrifice, pain, yearning, which the thought of Christ, sweeping the centuries, hath wrought for men. Let, therefore, choir and congregation raise their voices on the tide of prayers and praises; for this is Easter morning. Christ is risen! Our sister, Death of the Body, for whom S. Francis thanked God in his hymn, is reconciled to us this day, and takes us by the hand, and leads us to the gate whence floods of heavenly glory issue from the faces of a multitude of saints. Pray, ye poor people; chaunt and pray. If all be but a dream, to wake from this were loss for you indeed!

PERUSIA AUGUSTA.

The Piazza in front of the Prefettura is my favourite resort on these nights of full moon. The evening twilight is made up partly of sunset

fading over Thrasymene and Tuscany; partly of moonrise from the mountains of Gubbio and the passes toward Ancona. The hills are capped with snow, although the season is so forward. Below our parapets the bulk of S. Domenico, with its gaunt, perforated tower, and the finer group of S. Pietro, flaunting the arrowy "Pennacchio di Perugia," jut out upon the spine of hill which dominates the valley of the Tiber. As the night gloom deepens, and the moon ascends the sky, these buildings seem to form the sombre foreground to some French etching. Beyond them spreads the misty moon-irradiated plain of Umbria. Over all rise shadowy Apennines, with dim suggestions of Assisi, Spello, Foligno, Montefalco, and Spoleto on their basements. Little thin whiffs of breezes, very slight and searching, flit across, and shiver as they pass from Apennine to plain. The slowly moving population—women in veils, men winter-mantled—pass to and fro between the buildings and the grey immensity of sky. Bells ring. The bugles of the soldiers blow retreat in convents turned to barracks. Young men roam the streets beneath, singing May songs. Far, far away upon the plain, red through the vitreous moonlight ringed with thundery gauze, fires of unnamed castelli smoulder. As we lean from ledges eighty feet in height, gas vies with moon in chequering illuminations on the ancient walls; Etruscan mouldings, Roman letters, high-piled hovels, suburban world-old dwellings plastered like martins' nests against the masonry.

Sunlight adds more of detail to this scene. To the right of Subasio, where the passes go from Foligno towards Urbino and Ancona, heavy masses of thunder-cloud hang every day; but the plain and hill-buttresses are clear in transparent blueness. First comes Assisi, with S. M. degli Angeli below; then Spello; then Foligno; then Trevi; and, far away, Spoleto; with, reared against those misty battlements, the village height of Montefalco—the "ringhiera dell' Umbria," as they call it in this country. By daylight, the snow on yonder peaks is clearly visible, where the Monti della Sibilla tower up above the sources of the Nera and Velino from frigid wastes of Norcia. The lower ranges seem as though painted, in films of airiest and palest azure, upon china; and then comes the broad, green campaign, flecked with villages and farms.

Just at the basement of Perugia winds Tiber, through willows and grey poplar trees, spanned by ancient arches of red brick, and guarded here and there by castellated towers. The mills beneath their dams and weirs are just as Raphael drew them; and the feeling of air and space reminds one, on each coign of vantage, of some Umbrian picture. Every hedgerow is hoary with May-bloom and honeysuckle. The oaks hang out their golden-dusted tassels. Wayside shrines are decked with laburnum boughs and iris blossoms plucked from the copse-woods, where spires of purple and pink orchis variegate the thin, fine grass. The land waves far and wide with young corn, emerald green beneath the olive trees, which take upon their under-foliage tints reflected from this verdure or red tones

from the naked earth. A fine race of *contadini*, with large, heroically-graceful forms, and beautiful dark eyes and noble faces, move about this garden, intent on ancient, easy tillage of the kind Saturnian soil.

LA MAGIONE.

On the road from Perugia to Cortona, the first stage ends at La Magione, a high hill-village commanding the passage from the Umbrian champaign to the Lake of Trasymene. It has a grim square fortalice above it, now in ruins, and a stately castle to the south-east, built about the time of Braccio. Here took place that famous Diet of Cesare Borgia's enemies, when the son of Alexander VI. was threatening Bologna with his arms, and bidding fair to make himself supreme tyrant of Italy in 1502. It was the policy of Cesare to fortify himself by reducing the fiefs of the Church to submission, and by rooting out the dynasties which had acquired a sort of tyranny in Papal cities. The Varani of Camerino and the Manfredi of Faenza had been already extirpated. There was only too good reason to believe that the turn of the Vitelli at Città di Castello, of the Baglioni at Perugia, and of the Bentivogli at Bologna would come next. Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena, surrounded on all sides by Cesare's conquests, and specially menaced by the fortification of Piombino, felt himself in danger. The great house of the Orsini, who swayed a large part of the Patrimony of S. Peter's, and were closely allied to the Vitelli, had even graver cause for anxiety. But such was the system of Italian warfare that nearly all these noble families lived by the profession of arms, and most of them were in the pay of Cesare. When, therefore, the conspirators met at La Magione, they were plotting against a man whose money they had taken, and whom they had hitherto aided in his career of fraud and spoliation.

The Diet consisted of the Cardinal Orsini, an avowed antagonist of Alexander VI.; his brother Paolo, the chieftain of the clan; Vitellozzo Vitelli, lord of Città di Castello; Gian-Paolo Baglioni, made undisputed master of Perugia by the recent failure of his cousin Grifonetto's treason; Oliverotto, who had just acquired the March of Fermo by the murder of his uncle Giovanni da Fogliani; Ermes Bentivoglio, the heir of Bologna; and Antonio da Venafro, the secretary of Pandolfo Petrucci. These men vowed hostility on the basis of common injuries and common fear against the Borgia. But they were for the most part stained themselves with crime, and dared not trust each other, and could not gain the confidence of any respectable power in Italy except the exiled Duke of Urbino. Procrastination was the first weapon used by the wily Cesare, who trusted that time would sow among his rebel captains suspicion and dissension. He next made overtures to the leaders separately, and so far succeeded in his perfidious policy as to draw Vitellozzo Vitelli, Oliverotto da Fermo, Paolo Orsini, and Francesco Orsini, Duke of Gravina, into his nets at Sinigaglia. Under pretext of

fair conference and equitable settlement of disputed claims, he possessed himself of their persons, and had them strangled—two upon December 31, and two upon January 18, 1503. Of all Cesare's actions, this was the most splendid for its successful combination of sagacity and policy in the hour of peril, of persuasive diplomacy, and of ruthless decision when the time to strike his blow arrived.

CORTONA.

After leaving La Magione, the road descends upon the Lake of Trasymene by oak-woods full of nightingales. The Lake lay basking, leaden-coloured, smooth and waveless, under a misty, rain-charged, sun-irradiated sky. At Passignano, close beside its shore, we stopped for mid-day. This is a little fishing village of very poor people, who live entirely by labour on the waters. They showed us huge eels coiled in tanks, and some fine specimens of the silvery carp—*Reina del Lago*. It was off one of the eels that we made our lunch; and taken, as he was, alive from his cool lodging, he furnished a series of dishes fit for a king.

Climbing the hill of Cortona seemed a quite interminable business. It poured a deluge. Our horses were tired, and one lean donkey, who after much trouble was produced from a farmhouse and yoked in front of them, rendered but little assistance.

Next day we duly saw the Muse and Lamp in the Musco, the *Fra Angelicos*, and all the *Signorellis*. One cannot help thinking that too much fuss is made now-a-days about works of art—running after them for their own sakes, exaggerating their importance, and detaching them as objects of study, instead of taking them with sympathy and carelessness as pleasant or instructive adjuncts to sensation. Artists, historians of art, and critics are forced to isolate pictures; and it is of profit to their souls to do so. But simple folk, who have no æsthetic vocation, whether creative or critical, suffer more than is good for them by compliance with mere fashion. Sooner or later we shall return to the spirit of the ages which produced these pictures, and which regarded them with less of an industrious bewilderment than they evoke at present.

The Palace of the Commune at Cortona is interesting because of the shields of Florentine governors, sculptured on blocks of grey stone, and inserted in its outer walls—*Peruzzi*, *Albizzi*, *Strozzi*, *Salviati*, among the more ancient—*de' Medici* at a later epoch. The revolutions in the Republic of Florence may be read by a herald from these coats of arms and the dates beneath them:

The landscape of this Tuscan highland satisfies me more and more with sense of breadth and beauty. From S. Margherita above the town the prospect is immense and wonderful and wild—up into those brown, forbidding mountains, down to the vast plain, and over to the cities of Chiusi, Montepulciano, and Foiano. The jewel of the view is Trasimeno, a silvery shield encased with serried hills, and set upon one corner of the

scene, like a precious thing apart and meant for separate contemplation. There is something in the singularity and circumscribed completeness of the mountain-girded lake, diminished by distance, which would have attracted Lionardo da Vinci's pencil, had he seen it.

Cortona seems desperately poor, and the beggars are intolerable. One little blind boy, led by his brother, both frightfully ugly and ragged urchins, pursued us all over the city, incessantly whining "Signore Padrone!" It was only on the threshold of the inn that I ventured to give them a few coppers, for I knew well that any public beneficence would raise the whole swarm of the begging population round us. Sitting later in the day upon the piazza of S. Domenico, I saw the same blind boy taken by his brother to play. The game consisted in the little creature throwing his arms about the trunk of a big tree, and running round and round it, clasping it. This seemed to make him quite inexpressibly happy. His face lit up and beamed with that inner beatitude blind people show—a kind of rapture shining over it, as though nothing could be more altogether delightful. This little boy had the small-pox at eight months, and has never been able to see since. He looks sturdy, and may live to be of any age—doomed always, is that possible, to beg?

CHIUSI.

What more enjoyable dinner can be imagined than a flask of excellent Montepulciano, a well-cooked steak, and a little goat's cheese in the inn of the Leone d'Oro at Chiusi? The windows are open, and the sun is setting. Monte Cetona bounds the view to the right, and the wooded hills of Città della Pieve to the left. The deep green dimpled valley goes stretching away toward Orvieto; and at its end a purple mountain mass, distinct and solitary, which may peradventure be Soracte! The near country is broken into undulating hills, forested with fine olives and oaks; and the composition of the landscape, with its crowning villages, is worthy of a background to an Umbrian picture. The breadth and depth and quiet which those painters loved, the space of lucid sky, the suggestion of winding waters in verdant fields, all are here. The evening is beautiful—golden light streaming softly from behind us on this prospect, and gradually mellowing to violet and blue with stars above.

At Chiusi we visited several Etruscan tombs, and saw their red and black scrawled pictures. One of the sepulchres was a well-jointed vault of stone with no wall-paintings. The rest had been scooped out of the living tufa. This was the excuse for some pleasant hours spent in walking and driving through the country. Chiusi means for me the mingling of grey olives and green oaks in limpid sunlight; deep leafy lanes; warm sand-stone banks; copses with nightingales and cyclamens and cuckoos; glimpses of a silvery lake; blue shadowy distances; the bristling ridge of Monte Cetona; the comical towers Becca di Questo and

Becca di Quello over against each other on the borders; ways winding among hedgerows like some bit of England in June, but not so full of flowers. It means all this, I fear, for me far more than theories about Lars Porsenna and Etruscan ethnology.

GUBBIO.

Gubbio ranks among the most ancient of Italian hill-towns. With its back set firm against the spine of central Apennines, and piled, house over house, upon the rising slope, it commands a rich tract of upland champaign, bounded southward toward Perugia and Foligno by peaked and rolling ridges. This amphitheatre, which forms its source of wealth and independence, is admirably protected by a chain of natural defences; and Gubbio wears a singularly old-world aspect of antiquity and isolation. Houses climb right to the crests of gaunt bare peaks; and the brown mediæval walls with square towers which protected them upon the mountain side, following the inequalities of the ground, are still a marked feature in the landscape. It is a town of steep streets and staircases, with quaintly framed prospects, and solemn vistas opening at every turn across the lowland. One of these views might be selected for especial notice. In front, irregular buildings losing themselves in country as they straggle by the roadside; then the open post-road with a cypress to the right; afterwards, the rich green fields, and on a bit of rising ground an ancient farmhouse with its brown dependencies; lastly, the blue hills above Fossato, and far away a wrack of tumbling clouds. All this enclosed by the heavy archway of the Porta Romana, where sunlight and shadow checquer the mellow tones of a dim fresco, indistinct with age, but beautiful.

Gubbio has not greatly altered since the middle ages. But poor people are now living in the palaces of noblemen and merchants. These new inhabitants have walled up the fair arched windows and slender portals of the ancient dwellers, spoiling the beauty of the streets without materially changing the architectural masses. In that witching hour when the Italian sunset has faded, and a solemn grey replaces the glowing tones of daffodil and rose, it is not difficult, here dreaming by oneself alone, to picture the old noble life—the ladies moving along those open loggias, the young men in plumed caps and curling hair with one foot on those doorsteps, the knights in armour and the sumpter mules and red-robed Cardinals defiling through those gates into the courts within. The modern bricks and mortar with which that picturesque scene has been overlaid, the ugly oblong windows and bright green shutters which now interrupt the flowing lines of arch and gallery; these disappear beneath the fine remembered touch of a sonnet sung by Folgore, when still the Parties had their day, and this deserted city was the centre of great aims and throbbing aspirations.

The names of the chief buildings in Gubbio are strongly suggestive

of the middle ages. They abut upon a Piazza de' Signori. One of them, the Palazzo del Municipio, is a shapeless unfinished block of masonry. It is here that the Eugubine tables, plates of brass with Umbrian and Roman incised characters, are shown. The Palazzo de' Consoli has higher architectural qualities, and is indeed unique among Italian palaces for the combination of massiveness with lightness in a situation of unprecedented boldness. Rising from enormous substructures morticed into the solid hillside, it rears its vast rectangular bulk to a giddy height above the town; airy loggias imposed on great forbidding masses of brown stone, shooting aloft into a light aerial tower. The empty halls inside are of fair proportions and a noble size, and the views from the open colonnades in all directions fascinate. But the final impression made by the building is one of square, tranquil, massive strength—perpetuity embodied in masonry—force suggesting facility by daring and successful addition of elegance to hugeness. Vast as it is, this pile is not forbidding, as a similarly weighty structure in the North would be. The fine quality of the stone and the delicate though simple mouldings of the windows give it an Italian grace.

These public palaces belong to the age of the Communes, when Gubbio was a free town, with a policy of its own, and an important part to play in the internecine struggles of Pope and Empire, Guelf and Ghibelline. The ruined, deserted, degraded Palazzo Ducale reminds us of the advent of the despots. It has been stripped of all its tarsia-work and sculpture. Only here and there a Fe. D., with the blazing bomb of Federigo di Montefeltro, remains to show that Gubbio once became the fairest fief of the Urbino duchy. S. Ubaldo, who gave his name to this duke's son, was the patron of Gubbio, and to him the cathedral is dedicated—one low enormous vault, like a cellar or feudal banqueting hall, roofed with a succession of solid Gothic arches. This strange old church, and the House of the Canons, buttressed on the hill beside it, have suffered less from modernisation than most buildings in Gubbio. The latter, in particular, helps one to understand what this city of grave palazzi must have been, and how the mere opening of old doors and windows would restore it to its primitive appearance. The House of the Canons has, in fact, not yet been given over to the use of middle-class and proletariat.

At the end of a day in Gubbio, it is pleasant to take our ease in the primitive hostelry, at the back of which foams a mountain-torrent, rushing downward from the Apennines. The Gubbio wine is very fragrant, and of a rich ruby colour. Those to whom the tints of wine and jewels give a pleasure not entirely childish, will take delight in its specific blending of tawny hues with rose. They serve the table still, at Gubbio, after the antique Italian fashion, covering it with a cream-coloured linen cloth bordered with coarse lace—the creases of the press, the scent of old herbs from the wardrobe, are still upon it—and the board is set with shallow dishes of warm, white earthenware, basket-worked in open lattice at the

edge, which contain little separate messes of meat, vegetables, cheese, and comfits. The wine stands in strange, slender phials of smooth glass, with stoppers; and the amber-coloured bread lies in fair round loaves upon the cloth. Dining thus is like sitting down to the supper at Emmaus, in some picture of Gian Bellini or of Masolino. The very bareness of the room—its open rafters, plastered walls, primitive settees, and red-brick floor, on which a dog sits waiting for a bone—enhances the impression of artistic delicacy in the table.

FROM GUBBIO TO FANO.

The road from Gubbio, immediately after leaving the city, enters a narrow Alpine ravine, where a thin stream dashes over dark, red rocks, and pendent saxifrages wave to the winds. The carriage in which we travelled at the end of May, one morning, had two horses, which our driver soon supplemented with a couple of white oxen. Slowly and toilsomely we ascended between the flanks of barren hills—gaunt masses of crimson and grey crag, clothed at their summits with short turf and scanty pasture. The pass leads first to the little town of Scheggia, and is called the Monte Calvo, or bald mountain. At Scheggia, it joins the great Flaminian Way, or North road of the Roman armies. At the top there is a fine view over the conical hills that dominate Gubbio, and, far away, to noble mountains above the Furlo and the Foligno line of railway to Ancona. Range rises over range, crossing at unexpected angles, breaking into sudden precipices, and stretching out long, exquisitely-modelled outlines, as only Apennines can do, in silvery sobriety of colours toned by clearest air. Every square piece of this austere, wild landscape forms a varied picture, whereof the composition is due to subtle arrangements of lines always delicate; and these lines seem somehow to have been determined in their beauty by the vast antiquity of the mountain system, as though they all had taken time to choose their place and wear down into harmony. The effect of tempered sadness was heightened for us by stormy lights and dun clouds, high in air, rolling vapours and flying shadows, over all the prospect, tinted in ethereal grisaille.

After Scheggia, one enters a land of meadow and oak-trees. This is the sacred central tract of Jupiter Apenninus, whose fane—

*Delubra Jovis saxoque minantes
Apenninigenis cultae pastoribus arae*

—once rose behind us on the bald Iguvian summits. A second little pass leads from this region to the Adriatic side of the Italian watershed, and the road now follows the Barano downward toward the sea. The valley is fairly green with woods, where mistletoe may here and there be seen on boughs of oak, and rich with cornfields. Cagli is the chief town of the district, and here they show one of the best pictures left to us by

Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi. It is a Madonna, attended by S. Peter, S. Francis, S. Dominic, S. John, and two angels. One of the angels is traditionally supposed to have been painted from the boy Raphael, and the face has something which reminds us of his portraits. The whole composition, excellent in modelling, harmonious in grouping, soberly but strongly coloured, with a peculiar blending of dignity and sweetness, grace and vigour, makes one wonder why Santi thought it necessary to send his son from his own workshop to study under Perugino. He was himself a master of his art, and this, perhaps the most agreeable of his paintings, has a masculine sincerity which is absent from at least the later works of Perugino.

Some miles beyond Cagli, the real pass of the Furlo begins. It owes its name to a narrow tunnel bored by Vespasian in the solid rock, where limestone crags descend on the Barano. The Romans called this gallery *Petra Pertusa*, or *Intercisa*, or more familiarly *Forulus*, whence comes the modern name. Indeed, the stations on the old Flaminian Way are still well marked by Latin designations; for Cagli is the ancient *Calles*, and Fossombrone is *Forum Sempronii*, and Fano the *Fanum Fortunæ*. Vespasian commemorated this early achievement in engineering by an inscription carved on the living stone, which still remains; and Claudian, when he sang the journey of his Emperor Honorius from Rimini to Rome, speaks thus of what was even then an object of astonishment to travellers:—

*Laetior hinc fano recipit fortuna vetusto,
Despiciturque vagus praeupta valle Metaurus,
Qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat areu
Admittitque viam sectae per viscera rupis.*

The *Forulus* itself may now be matched, on any Alpine pass, by several tunnels of far mightier dimensions; for it is narrow, and does not extend more than 126 feet in length. But it occupies a fine position at the end of a really imposing ravine. The whole Furlo Pass might, without too much exaggeration, be described as a kind of Cheddar on the scale of the *Via Mala*. The limestone rocks, which rise on either hand above the gorge to an enormous height, are noble in form and solemn, like a succession of gigantic portals, with stupendous flanking obelisks and pyramids. Some of these crag-masses rival the fantastic cliffs of Capri, and all consist of that southern mountain limestone which changes from pale yellow to blue grey and dusky orange. A river roars precipitately through the pass, and the road-sides wave with many sorts of campanulas—a profusion of azure and purple bells upon the hard white stone. Of Roman remains there is still enough (in the way of Roman bridges and bits of broken masonry) to please an antiquarian's eye. But the lover of nature will dwell chiefly on the picturesque qualities of this historic gorge, so alien to the general character of Italian scenery, and yet so remote from anything to which Swiss travelling accustoms one.

The Furlo breaks out into a richer land of mighty oaks and waving

cornfields, a fat pastoral country, not unlike Devonshire in detail, with green uplands, and wild-rose tangled hedgerows, and much running water, and abundance of summer flowers. At a point above Fossombrone, the Barano joins the Metauro, and here one has a glimpse of far-away Urbino, high upon its mountain eyrie. It is so rare, in spite of immemorial belief, to find in Italy a wilderness of wild flowers, that I feel inclined to make a list of those I saw from our carriage windows as we rolled down lazily along the road to Fossombrone. Broom, and cytisus, and hawthorn mingled with roses, gladiolus, and saintfoil. There were orchises, and clematis, and privet, and wild-vine, vetches of all hues, red poppies, sky-blue cornflowers, and lilac pimpernel. In the rougher hedges, dogwood, honeysuckle, pyracanth, and acacia made a network of white bloom and blushes. Milkworts of all bright and tender tints combined with borage, iris, hawkweeds, harebells, crimson clover, thyme, red snapdragon, golden asters, and dreamy love-in-a-mist, to weave a marvellous carpet such as the looms of Shiraz or of Cashmere never spread. Rarely have I gazed on Flora in such riot, such luxuriance, such self-abandonment to joy. The air was filled with fragrances. Songs of cuckoos and nightingales echoed from the copses on the hill-sides. The sun was out, and dancing over all the landscape.

After all this, Fano was very restful in the quiet sunset. It has a sandy stretch of shore, on which the long, green-yellow rollers of the Adriatic broke into creamy foam, beneath the waning saffron light of Pesaro and the rosy rising of a full moon. This Adriatic sea carries an English mind home to many a little watering-place upon our coast. In colour and the shape of waves it resembles our Channel.

The sea-shore is Fano's great attraction; but the town has many churches, and some creditable pictures, as well as Roman antiquities. Giovanni Santi may here be seen almost as well as at Cagli; and of Perugino there is one truly magnificent altar-piece—lunette, great centre panel, and predella—dusty in its present condition, but splendidly painted, and happily not yet restored or cleaned. It is worth journeying to Fano to see this. Still better would the journey be worth the traveller's while if he could be sure to witness such a game of *Pallone* as we chanced upon in the Via dell' Arco di Augusto—lads and grown-men, tightly girt, in shirt sleeves, driving the great ball aloft into the air with cunning bias and calculation of projecting house-eaves. I do not understand the game; but it was clearly played something after the manner of our football, that is to say, with sides, and front and back players so arranged as to cover the greatest number of angles of incidence on either wall.

Fano still remembers that it is the Fane of Fortune. On the fountain in the market-place stands a bronze Fortuna, slim and airy, offering her veil to catch the wind. May she long shower health and prosperity upon the modern watering-place of which she is the patron saint!

J. A. S.

Lenau.

SCHILLER and Goethe gave the crowning grace to Germany's poetic glory. There was little poetry immediately before them, there has been little since. Many melodious singers indeed arose, but their verse was imitative, their fancy strained, their muse rather mortal than divine. And daily even these voices grow fainter. There are no poets in Germany now. Once the acknowledged votaries of idealism, once the familiar denizens of cloud-land, the Germans are—for a time only perhaps,—the hardest materialists in Europe. In their literature they still dally now and then with the sentimentalism once peculiarly their own, but it rings false, it is a travesty of its former self, and where we tolerated it for its inherent reality and the flowers of beauty interspersed amid its weeds, we now throw it aside with impatience. It is a carnival costume, donned for the occasion, not a familiar garment in daily use. In the Germany of Prince Bismarck, the Germany of Prussian military rigidity, of blood and iron, of Krupp guns and spiked helmets, there is no room for poets. The gentler graces of life are crushed out of existence by these inflexible rulers. It is the old battle renewed of the Titans and the Giants, and as of old the Giants, the embodiments of brute strength, overcome their more intellectual brethren. In despair, the Muse at last hid herself under the guise of philosophy, and in the person of Arthur Schopenhauer we have the latest German poet. A melancholy spectacle this; sad, suggestive, instructive, a warning to us, to Europe. "Ce qui fait que nous n'avons pas de poètes, c'est que nous pouvons nous en passer," says Joubert. Alas! the day when we too may no longer need them.

Ah, desolate hour when that shall be,
When dew and sunlight, rain and wind,
Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
Unloved, unheeded, undivined.

But the Germans are resigned to their living death, they do not know of it. "Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa." They have given to European literature so much of beauty that we must not grumble if they are more occupied now in setting their house in order than in strewing pearls broadcast.

Still the post-Goethean period produced at least a few poets. Of these Heine, so renowned in England, is by far the greatest. But his less known contemporary, Lenau, also deserves to be more widely recognised. Like Heine, he is a singer of world-pain and despondency, of

The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

There is much likeness between the two, but also great dissimilarity. While Heine's muse will wantonly disport herself around sombre themes and echo the Voltairean sneer :

Oh Jupiter, tu fis en nous créant,
Une froide plaisanterie,

Lenau is gently resigned, accepting the inevitable. He is not cynical like Byron; he does not frantically revolt like Leopardi. Had his nature been stronger it would have worked itself through sorrow as a phase and have arrived at some compromise with life. His was the pain, not the ecstasy of despair. Like Heine, he belonged to no school, but was a self-creation, and like Heine, too, a more richly-coloured Eastern blood rolled through his veins. Heine was no German, but a Jew; Lenau was a Magyar. The desolate Hungarian Pusztá was his home, the Zingari the playmates of his childhood.

"My complete works are my complete life," wrote Lenau to a friend, and the remark is even truer of him than of most subjective poets, whose writings are all more or less the expression of their individuality. Poetry was never a pursuit with him, it was an impulse, a desire to pour forth his sufferings, hence the man everywhere obtrudes himself, and if we would enjoy the poetry we must know the poet and his life story. It is a tragedy of darkest hue, the causes for which it is not easy to find, since they lie rather in his nature than in his circumstances. We say this advisedly, even remembering this life's sombre close. He said himself: "There is a region of the nerves that should be ever left untouched. Woe to him who disturbs and excites these abysmal depths, where stillness and rest must reign. But I have ventured to do this." He had tried to lift the veil of Isis and her aspect destroyed him. Lenau's madness was no hereditary curse, he drew it down upon himself; he had rebelled against the iron limits set to human ken by Nature's inexorable "Thou shalt not," and he paid the penalty with his reason. There are no sadder records in all literatures than those that tell of German poets. Since their forefather arrived too late when Jupiter made division of the world, there seems no room for them on earth. Excepting always Goethe, Germany has dealt with her poets as Jerusalem with her prophets: she has killed and stoned them. And when she did not do this office for them, they did it for themselves; they bruised themselves to death against the adamant bosom of necessity. There stood in ancient days at Athens the statue of the goddess Ananke. She was represented as having hands of bronze, and was surrounded with chains and hammers. The hands of bronze symbolised the irresistible power of the inevitable; the hammers and chains the fetters she forged for man. She was the embodiment of those immutable laws of nature by which certain causes produce certain inevitable results. A hecatomb of poets has been sacrificed at her shrine.

I.

Nicolaus Niembsch, Count of Strehlenau, was born August 13, 1802, at Csatad, a little village near Temesvár, in one of the most fertile and beautiful parts of southern Hungary, a land of hot heads, fiery hearts, and unbridled passions. The offspring of a passionate love-marriage, that all too soon proved ill-assorted, a gloom hung over his early home. He was his mother's darling, her only son and idol, upon whom she lavished all the tenderness of her nature. The little sisters were taught to bow to the desires of the youthful Niembsch, his mother would deny herself any necessities to afford him luxuries. He was a spoiled child from his cradle, accustomed to have no desire unfulfilled, no whim ungratified. When his father once ventured to strike him in his mother's absence, the event affected him so deeply that it recurs in his verse, and his image of a father is that of a hard and somewhat unreasoning being. His own experience of the paternal relationship had certainly not been fortunate. Count Francis, a retired cavalry officer, had preserved after marriage the idle and dissipated habits of garrison life: he gambled, he was unfaithful, he was extravagant. His young wife did not weep many tears when his excesses brought on the consumption of which he died at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving her with three children and an encumbered estate. Lenau was but five when his father's malign influence was removed from the family, but the impression of this unhappy home was deeply branded on his receptive nature. The grandparents Strehlenau, old aristocrats of rigid manners but kindly hearts, offered to relieve the widow of the burden of her children; more especially they wished to have Nicolaus in order to secure to him the education suited to his rank. But the fond, injudicious mother could not face the pain of parting from her darling. The offer was refused in a manner that offended the grandparents, who withdrew with it all pecuniary assistance. For some years the young widow struggled hard with want, but never did Niembsch suffer privation. Like Hamlet's father, she would not betem the winds of heaven visit his face too roughly. Even his juvenile transgressions were reprimanded in the gentlest and most considerate mode. The only boy in a household of women, he was petted and fondled to a pernicious degree. What wonder that when in later life the hard realities of existence crossed his path, he revolted against them like a fractious child. The family settled near Ofen, in a little house that had once been a chapel, and which was situated in a dismal graveyard. These melancholy religious surroundings did not fail to make their mark upon the boy's impressionable mind, and shadows of this churchyard-home flit across his poems. Its subtle influences strengthened the piety which his devout mother had implanted. He loved to hear mass. Even in after life, when the dark waves of doubt had closed over him, he could not speak of his first confession without words of deepest emotion. At Ofen he was sent to school, and

acquired German and Latin. His rare musical genius, that had early shown itself, was also cultivated; he learned to play the guitar and violin, and became a virtuoso on both instruments. The guitar was his first love, and when quite a little boy he and a schoolfellow undertook a secret trip down the Danube, Lenau paying their way with his music. Later he found the guitar much too limited to give expression to his musical emotions, and devoted himself almost exclusively to the violin. His music-master—a gentle, poetical nature—influenced him greatly. From him he learned another favourite pastime—how to decoy birds, to imitate their songs, and to whistle, a trick which he developed into an accomplishment, and the pure, clear sounds he emitted to guitar accompaniment enraptured his hearers.

In 1817 Lenau's mother married a Dr. Vogel, and the family removed to Tokay. The boy was fifteen when he came to live for two years in the sunniest and most fertile spot in Hungary; the home of nightingales and babbling brooks, of rich vines, of milk and honey. This small town, situated just above the spot where the Bodrog and Theiss unite into a fine navigable river, contained a mixed population of Magyars, Slovacks, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks. On one side were smiling valleys, dense forests, cloud-capped mountains; on the other, the vast plains of the Hungarian steppes or Puszta, which a traveller might traverse for a whole day and reach no village. They foster a feeling of solitude as great as that produced by the boundless ocean, while strange atmospheric effects heighten the grandeur of the scene at sunset or dawn. Here, in lonely inns, shepherds, nomad Magyars, poachers, and robbers assemble to listen to the fiddles of the wandering Zingari. The gypsies are the Hungarian musicians, the depositaries of the national airs, and of those famous *csárdás* of which the varied, energetic, and passionate tones excite the people to dance. The boy Lenau vagabondised throughout the neighbourhood; he was familiar with strange folk, and came close to nature in her most quiet moods. He observed many of her traits as he sat waiting patiently for his birds. He heard many a national tune from the gypsy bands. To them he owed in part that mastery over his instrument which enabled him to improvise and suit his music to his moods. From them he learnt Hungary's Marseillaise, Rákóczi's military march, to which only the gypsy performers seem able to give the traditional wildness and force. The plaintive melancholy of its opening, its fine discords, the wild bursts of passion with which it closes, became typical of Lenau's poetry. These were the happiest years of his life, and he always spoke of Hungary with enthusiasm. The memory of these hours and scenes always lived in his heart and song. He is never more picturesque and original than when he sings of the dark forests, of the mercurial Magyar sweeping across the Puszta on his fiery steed, of the moorland hostel with its dancing peasants; of the spurs of dashing hussars, clicking as they tread the turbulent native dance, while excitement grows, bright eyes sparkle,

and hearts beat high; until the mingled enthusiasm of music, love, and wine finds vent in maniac shouts of joy. But it was not all joy and laughter. The native melancholy, the sombre poetic legends of the Slavs, did their part in moulding the boy's imagination, which throughout these years was purely receptive, and did not show the smallest sign of creative faculty. Alas! that these glad, joyous days ended all too soon. Lenau's grandparents once more interposed on his behalf, and this time with success. With a broken heart the mother parted from her idol, who was sent to Vienna, to pass through a university course. But Lenau did not forget his Hungarian home.

"Yes, Fatherland!" he once said; "Fatherland! There are impressions that can never be effaced. When I met Hungarian peasants, with their little carts, bringing hay into Vienna, it always rejoiced my heart; I breathed the perfume of the hay, and deemed myself once more in the fields of my youth."

In Lenau's darkest time a memory of Hungary would throw a gleam of sunlight across his verse; and after this fresh, high-coloured life he was to be forced to live alone and attend a philosophic curriculum. Little wonder that dreary hours dawned for him. He was thus suddenly brought face to face with the ideal and the actual, and they began to wage fierce battle in his heart, a warfare that at last consumed him. The irresolution, the want of self-reliance, of seizing and utilising the passing moment, that had been only too much encouraged by his education, now showed themselves with painful force. He could decide upon no career, settle to no course of study. From philosophy he passed to jurisprudence, from jurisprudence to agriculture, from agriculture to medicine. He threw himself into each new pursuit with eager haste, to abandon it with equal abruptness. A burning desire to penetrate into the heart of all knowledge, to see into the various departments of learning, doubtless had a large and laudable share in these vacillations of purpose. But an equally large one must be assigned to his native indecision. "I have let it slip," was the mournful phrase too often heard from Lenau's lips. His inability to decide on a career was a bitter disappointment to his grandparents, who had hoped to see him enter the diplomatic service. Many a conflict arose between him and his stern grandmother, from whose wrath he invariably fled to the all-indulgent arms of his tender mother. "The pale, dark-haired Niembsch," relates one of his fellow-students, "Niembsch, who even then scowled darkly upon life, was never a student like we others, who had a practical purpose in life before our eyes, and therefore moved with conscientious anxiety within the prescribed limits of our studies. He was more like a lover or a guest, who only tastes of that which is palatable to him, and pushes aside with undisguised dislike all that repels him."

Although somewhat of a misanthrope at times, and inclined to taciturnity and fits of deep depression, Lenau was popular among his comrades. When he chose he could be the best of all good company, his

conversation, his music, his graceful manners winning for him every heart, so that even his more rugged moods were readily forgiven. The Austrian government of the day frowned upon all clubs and unions of young persons, where enthusiasm for freedom and free thought might be nurtured. In consequence they were driven to the coffee-house for society; and one of these, the "Nenner," insensibly became a rallying-place for all the more advanced and better spirits of the day. Here Lenau could be encountered daily, playing billiards, chatting, or darkly brooding over his long pipe. He began to feel keenly the political restrictions under which his Fatherland laboured, and his innate hatred of tyranny and oppression was strengthened. Melancholy began to be his distinctive feature, but for a short time the cloud was lifted under the influence of love. It was but to fall back upon him and envelope him more densely. The girl he loved proved wholly unworthy of his affection, and the shock was a cruel one. Indeed, Lenau never wholly recovered from its effects.

What grieved thee once with deep, with earnest pain,
Sunk in the marrow must for aye remain,

he sang many years after, with evident reference to this event. His pride was deeply wounded, his confidence shaken. It was a heavy blow to befall an ultra-sensitive nature. In vain he sought comfort among the Austrian Alps, whose grandeur he had grown to love next to his Hungarian home. Life was more than ever a desert, a blank. But on the stubble-fields of happiness his Muse was born. Lenau had never as a boy shown indications of poetical power. Even the ecstasy of first love, which turns many a Philistine into a sonneteer, had not called forth his song. It was reserved to sorrow to give birth to his muse, and in her service he was henceforth employed. "Youthful Dreams" was the title of his first poem; its *motif* the Dead Sea fruit they nurture. A youth stood lone and fearful as he saw the birds that sang to him of wondrous joys fly farther and farther from his ken.

Before even the first keenness of this grief had passed from Lenau, he was to experience a yet more cruel blow, and one from which he never rallied. In 1829 his fond mother died in his arms. She had been the centre of his being, her devotion had sweetened his life; to her he owed all his best faculties, his highest aspirations, his imagination, his intellectual grace. She lives still in his verse. To her his tenderest poems are addressed; his longing for her large love and sympathy wails forth in words that are alive with grief and yearning. To still his pain he threw himself with ardour into medical studies. A serious illness resulted, and once more the healing influence of the Austrian Alps was sought. He returned to Vienna calmed, but not comforted, to learn that his grandmother was dead and had bequeathed him a modest competence. This awakened his latent restlessness—an inheritance from his father, which in the son took the nobler form of love of travel. To the grief of his sister and friends he began seriously to meditate a voyage to America—

at that time the pole star of all enthusiastic lovers of freedom. Any way, he was resolved to quit Vienna, with its stifling political atmosphere, its bitter memories. He had gathered a garland of poems, but there was little hope of their seeing the light in Austria. His eyes naturally turned to Germany, which spoke the same tongue, and to Suabia, where great poetical activity reigned. They were not great, these Suabian poets, and Heine has lashed them cruelly in his *Atta Troll*, but they were earnest, their tendencies were national and noble, and they were the first to revive literature from the depression into which the national life had fallen after the cruel political disappointment that followed the Wars of Liberation. Therefore they deserve all honour, and Lenau showed a true instinct when he turned to them. Uhland, the head of the school, was a gifted man, and in his poetry are combined their best characteristics. Around him were grouped Gustav Schwab, the biographer of Schiller; the writer of patriotic ballads, Nicolaus Müller; the melodious songster, Möricke; Karl Mayer; the brothers Pfizer, and many more: all of whom in a lesser or greater degree rendered respectable services to German national life. Stuttgart was their intellectual centre, where they gathered near the classical printing-house of J. G. Cotta; and to Stuttgart Lenau turned in August 1831. It was his first decided and independent step in life, and marks an epoch. Furnished with good introductions, he was received with open arms by this literary brotherhood, whose real affections his charming personality soon won for him. He lived with Schwab, who introduced him to Cotta; and here, among these warm Suabian hearts and sunny vine-clad valleys, his wounds were cicatrised. He expanded under their genial influences, the well-springs of poetry were unlocked, poem after poem flowed from his pen. Love, too, had reawakened in his breast; he was powerfully attracted to a young girl, Lotte, and his friends urged him to marry, hoping that once anchored in that haven his restlessness would be ended. But he could not decide upon so important a step. "A sunbeam of love has penetrated my sick incurable heart," he writes; "I love the girl immeasurably, but my innermost being is sorrow." He held it base to draw another into this abyss. To the perplexity of his friends he suddenly broke from the circle that so entranced him and went to Heidelberg. Here he threw himself vehemently into the study of philosophy, hoping to find therein a solution to the doubts that tortured him and made his mind an arena of conflicting creeds. He almost withdrew from society, and was rarely seen except at the house of David Zimmern, a worthy banker whom he loved tenderly and always called "father." The first decisive signs of hypochondria began to show themselves, but visits to his Stuttgart friends or to Weinsberg would dispel them. At Weinsberg he was the guest of Justinus Kerner, the warm-hearted eccentric physician, the spiritualist poet, who saw ghosts and devils, and lived in the domains of dreams and mysteries. Though Lenau did not believe in spirits, Kerner attracted him. He was fond of weird stories, mystic writings fascinated him. At

Weinsberg, with its romantic associations, its ruined castle that records woman's devotion, its green uplands, its impatient Neckar, in the happy Kerner household Lenau's storm-tost soul for a time found rest. Only for a time. He began to long once more for free America—for a new world, new scenes. Kerner deemed that the originally strong and noble soul of his poet friend was possessed of a demon, who plagued him terribly and changed his visage twenty times in a quarter of an hour, and he wrote half playfully, half in earnest, to a common friend: "I saw Niembsch's demon a while ago. He is a hairy fellow, with a long curling tail, who whispers to him incessantly of virgin forests and leaves him no peace." Lenau himself explained his craving in other words. He was not enamoured, like Coleridge, of the mere sound of Susquehanna, he had a real purpose in view. "I need America for my development," he wrote. "I will send my phantasy to school there, in the primeval forests, and my heart shall be macerated through and through in sorrow and longing for my loved ones. Artistic culture is my highest aim in life; all the strength of my intellect, the happiness of my soul, I only regard as means to this end. Do you recall a poem of Chamisso's, wherein an artist nails a youth to the cross, that he may witness his death agonies? I would willingly crucify myself, if only a good poem be the result. And who does not gladly hazard all else for the sake of Art does not love her truly." These wild words reflect his tempestuous inner struggles. He felt impelled to break away; there seemed a power stronger than himself urging him on to carry out his purpose, and not the most earnest remonstrances of his friends could deter him. "I have heard your complaint," he writes to Karl Mayer, "the murmurs of your good, affectionate heart against my journey to strangers, across the ocean. If I had so firm a belief as you in our immortality, I should say, 'Brother, we shall meet again, certainly meet again.' But I have not this happy belief. Never yet did I feel the sad conclusions of my philosophy so bitterly as now, when I say to myself, 'You are going across the sea, you confide yourself to the treacherous waves, you entrust your heart, with all the love it holds for your friends, to the uncertain winds. Even the memory of your loved ones may be blown away for ever by a gust.' All this I tell myself, and yet I shall go. I am governed by a gravitation towards misery." The correction of his proof-sheets completed, he inscribed himself in an emigrant club, and in the spring of 1832 turned his back resolutely upon love and friendship. In Holland an irregularity in his passport nearly brought his journey to an untimely end. But music, so often Lenau's true friend, once more came to his aid. In the Dutch bureaucrat he discovered a music-thirsty soul, long cut off from this happiness. He played to him until, entranced, he let the musician pass through unmolested.

After a long and somewhat stormy passage, Lenau arrived at Baltimore. That he had learnt to know the sea was a joy to him, and he counted it as a factor in his intellectual development. The calm of ocean affected him even more than its tempests. He asserted that the sea in stillness seemed

more majestic if only because its expanse appeared more impressive. When strong winds and mighty waves take the ship into their midst and fling it scornfully to and fro, so that man is thrown about like a toy, then, says Lenau, his pride revolts most bitterly, and the less the outer man can stand upright the more does the inner assert himself. The sea proved no disappointment to him, and various phases of its aspect live in his poems. He began to feel assured he had taken the right step in leaving Germany, and that in a New World, a new civilisation, he should find that Great Pan was not dead.

When Lenau first stepped out into poetry, the poet's world in Germany seemed to him a conscious masquerade of antique and conventional figures. There was little that was real; true tones did not resound. Nationality had never existed in German poetry. The greatest poets, Goethe and Schiller, desired to sit above humanity like the Olympian gods, and hence went back for inspiration to fictitious Greek life. This period past, there arose the subjective poets, inspired by Byron, whose influence was as great if not greater in Germany than in his home. But as yet the Germans did not dare to be openly individual; they required a veil. The Romanticists introduced Scandinavian and Indian nationalities into poetry, and under these disguises betrayed their own hearts. There was a want of truthfulness. A Kleist had to adopt mediæval, a Hölderlin Greek costumes. Lenau wanted a poetry that should be the pure expression of nature. To this end he fled from artificial Germany. He did not seek out an ancient people, a decayed culture; he turned to a new people, a rising civilisation. He did not want to see how a nation fought for its freedom, but how it used it; thus only, he deemed, could he see mankind at its highest. In America this was to be seen on the largest scale, in the widest perspectives; America, where the dead buried their dead, the workshop of the ideal. If man indeed be God, as the Hegelians maintain, it was here he could see him at his best; here, where unfettered by traditions and despotism, he was free to develop according to his bent. If the ideal state be universal suffrage, here it must be found; if historical tradition be a curse, here the blessing of equality could be seen in a land where the millionaire and the chimney sweep are equals. On these shores then Lenau, like so many of his brother poets of the day, looked for the decision between the ideal and the real. "And if it be not here, then," cried Lenau, "let the darkest pessimism, the wildest despair of human perfection, gain the upper hand; it is justified." Such were his aspirations when he set foot in the vaunted Republic of the West. And what did he find? Not even the America of to-day, with its national self-satisfaction, its pride of purse, its political venality; but the America of years ago, blatant, crude, painfully devoid of all æsthetic culture, of vulgar manners, where man was neither nobler nor more educated, neither happier nor more moral than elsewhere. A country where there was no room for acts or actions not strictly utilitarian, where the almighty dollar reigned

supreme. The disenchantment was sharp and cruel. The pendulum of Lenau's opinions swung far over to the other side and blinded him to the youthful energy of purpose that throbbed through this new world. His poetical descriptions of America are less subjective and wholesome than his Hungarian word pictures; he was ill, dispirited, and he beheld the ghosts of decay looming over all. Even the landscape was below his expectations, monotonous and tame.

"There are no nightingales," was his constant refrain. Lenau's love for the nightingale's song amounted to a passion, she was to him a profound being, a singing mystery. But after all, he concluded, it was right that the Americans had no nightingale, that she refused to sing to these shop-keeping souls. It was a poetical curse. It required a Niagara's voice to preach to them that there are higher gods than those stamped in the mint. For them, as Herrick expresses it:—

When all birds else do of their music fail,
Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

The harsh strains of Yankee Doodle grated upon Lenau's finely musical nerves, the towns with their busy mercantile atmosphere repelled him. Yet when he tried the country it was little better; only Niagara, the Hudson valley, and a decayed forest in the far West made any deep impression on his mind. His long rides through the damp woods brought on rheumatism, and a sledging accident finally laid him up some months at Lisbon in Ohio. He wrote home:—"The paths of liberty are hard, and the hole in my head is big. I think that by this hole will evaporate my last ideas of distant voyages." Four hundred acres of land which he had acquired in Crawford county with a view of farming, he let to a German, and then turned his face homewards. In June 1833 he landed at Bremen, and the first newspaper that fell into his hands contained a laudatory notice of his poems. He had published them semi-anonymously, abbreviating his aristocratic patronymic of Strehlenau into Lenau. From that time onwards the name Lenau was on all tongues, in all hearts, and the nobleman was merged in the poet. This was an unexpected welcome. Lenau had built no high hopes upon the reception of his poems, and the surprise elated and gratified him greatly.

II.

Lenau's inspiration came to him from his feelings rather than from his imagination. His poetry, therefore, even more than is common with lyrists, gains additional charm when read in the light of a personal interest. Yet it is not all personal. In Lenau's individuality, as in his verse, there are two distinct elements; the German and the Hungarian. To the one he owes his wild love of freedom, his sensuousness, his fiery passion; to the other his depth of conviction, his scepticism, his ideal struggles. Though at all times his poetry is steeped in moonlight, and

avoids the glare of the mid-day sun, it is healthiest and most objective when it deals with Hungarian themes. When he puts before us strange half-Asiatic scenes he is full of picturesque attraction. We see the wild robber in his mountain fastnesses, we listen to the gypsy minstrel with his brown face and coal-black hair, as he wanders from tavern to tavern playing wild csárdás. When Turkish scimitars flash, when long straight Hungarian rapiers are frantically waved in the delirious excitement of the Magyar dance, when the brazen cymbals clash, when dark-eyed Zingari fiddle madly, recalling to their hearers the days when a Magyar quenched his sword's drought in Turkish blood, then indeed we are transported into the Orient, far from the tamer pallid surroundings of the North. From Hungary, the battle-field of conflicting nationalities, Lenau drew his best inspirations. His delineations of Hungarian folk-life are unrivalled in poetry. Nor does he only present us with its high-coloured aspect, the minor key of despair and disappointment peculiar to this people is re-echoed. In the poem of *Mischka* the sad ineffable tones of the violin penetrate the hearers' souls. The quivering of its strings is the swaying of a bridge trodden by the ghosts of heroes yearning for the lost happiness of earth; heroes who have fallen to the sounds of the same martial music at the call of their Fatherland. They float unseen around the dancing Hussars, inflaming their hearts with battle thoughts, until, frenzied, they rush out of the stifling tavern into the cool air of night, crying: "Where are the Turkish hordes?" and listen for the answering shout of "Allah." But no sound breaks the stillness save the dull roar of the Tissa stream on which the moonshine sleeps in peace. The cycle of the *Mischka* poems is a series of beautiful word pictures. Lenau's love of scenery, his personification of Nature, a feature Magyar poetry owes to the East, have here full play. Colours, scents, silence, darkness, winds and waves take form and commingle in human affairs. He equals Shelley in the boldness of his impersonations, in his calling forth of a sentient spirit from out the natural world, and this, it must be borne in mind, at a time when the poetical cultus of Nature, introduced into English literature by Wordsworth, had not yet arisen in Germany. It was he who called it into being. Yet his love of Nature was no sweet artless delight in her charms; it was a sombre worship. Nature to him was animate, these beings were stern, terrible, relentless; rarely mild, not often sympathetic. He grappled with each in agonised strife that it should reveal to him the secret of life. Death, decay, were the only answers he could extort. And yet he persevered, ever hoping against hope, unable, unwilling to acknowledge that all faith was indeed dead, buried for aye. Now he is resigned and sings more gently, but ever and anon a paroxysm of anguish bursts forth, and he tortures himself to the quick. True pessimism would have resulted in quietism. Lenau was no true pessimist, he was a poet; and a poet can never stifle hope. Thus in his poetry a solitary sentiment will be the burden of a poem; the wayward swaying of a mood, an inspiration. Always melan-

choly, often morbid, he is never petulant. His grief is genuine, its simple pathos affecting, and all is uttered in verse of such exquisite harmony that even the best translation cannot reflect it. Lenau's rare musical ear aided him in his choice of words; there is an inimitable rhythmic flow, a seductive grace about his lines. Often it is not so much what he says, but how he says it, that gives the novelty and charm, but when both unite he produces poems of rare merit. Concise in his diction, he tears no passion to tatters, and is more suggestive than exhaustive. In his narrative lyrics his terseness becomes epigrammatic in its force. This is markedly shown in *Die Drei*, a weird, lugubrious poem that recalls "The Twa Corbies."

"THE THREE."

Three warriors that softly ride
From a lost field at eventide;
From their deep wounds the warm streams break,
Courser and saddle glow and reek.
Slow move the steeds weary and spent,
Else were the gush too violent;
And close they ride, and closely each
Holds by his fellow in his reach,
And sadly look they on the death
In either's visage, and one saith:—
"Woe for the maiden and the home
Where these cold feet shall never come!"
"Woe for my meadow lands and trees,
Castles and vassal villages!"
"The light of heaven is all I have;
There are no windows in the grave."
Three vultures dissonant and black,
Fly gloating on the bloody track;
Shrieking among themselves they cry:—
"Thou eatest him, him thou, him I."

But it is Lenau's *Schilflieder* ("Sedge Songs") that are perhaps the most popular in Germany. Here his wondrous diction gives a subtle charm to a medley of natural effects and mental moods. Winds sough mournfully, reeds whisper and plain mysteriously across these songs in which Lenau sang the love from which he had turned aside. Translations have been hopelessly attempted, no foreign tongue can render their sorcery.

As beautiful, though dating from a later period of his life, are a series of *Waldlieder* written by Lenau as he traversed from time to time a wood that stretched between his sister's residence at Weidling and Vienna. Each is written in a different manner, a different mood;

now dreamy resignation, now joyous delight in Nature's beauty, now deep-felt emotion, inspires a poem. Their melancholy is gentler than became Lenau's wont at the close of his poetical life. Perchance the deep silence and stately dignity of the forest exercised this soothing influence.

Sadder and sadder grew Lenau's muse. "I dreamed away a large portion of life, I let the best joys go by," he sings in *Der Pechvogel* (The Luckless Wight). "Three things I would gladly have attained. To have stood as soldier in battle; to have embraced a fair bride; and to have held a little son in my arms. The three wishes were denied, but suppose they had been granted," he adds bitterly. "Let me not complain. Before I had tasted glory the first shell would have laid me low, my boy would have died, my wife proved faithless." And ever and again he turned back to Nature. On a winter's night he sees her hushed to rest by snow and ice, and he craves with frantic yearning that the frost will also freeze his heart.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

The air is numb and dead with cold,
My footsteps crash and crush the snow,
My beard cracks frozen, and I behold
My breath like smoke, yet on I go.

How hushed and restful lies the land !
The moon lights up old pine trees round,
Longing for friendly death they stand,
And point with branches to the ground.

Frost, freeze my heart too ! In my breast
Freeze the rebellious heats and pains,
That once even there, even there be rest,
As here on these nocturnal plains.

Nature has most commiseration when the year is on the wane, when she is losing her own gladness. It is then she harmonises with all man's sadness and comprehends him in her own complaining. Many an autumn poem has Lenau written, and more and more the pensive sadness of that time penetrated his verse. At first he only watched the doleful landscape, as, bereft of leaves and flowers, it gradually sank into a living death. As life passed on and stripped him too of flowers, he felt that it was autumn within, that he bore in his arms a sheaf of dry faggots, and his longing sharpened for "the Sabbath rest of Death." Lenau's fertility in giving soul to Nature is inexhaustible. His poetry was like an *Æolian* harp, responding to the faintest murmurs of the breeze. The winds speak to him in intelligible language, they rouse him from dreams like the voice of a stern father calling his child from play. The wild brook tearing its course tells him of the rich, fresh death it carries in its bosom. The lightning is a thread heaven-descended that would take him forth from this labyrinth of woe. *Hesperus* twinkles mournfully down upon him, in fellowship with his sorrow; a withered leaf wafted in at the window

is an open letter written to him by Death. A hollow ominous voice speaks from the bosom of the earth, feeding the dark deposits of sadness in his soul. Nature bears about with her a great eternal sorrow, which she has bestowed upon him as a maternal benediction. In these poems to Nature, Lenau's subjectivity and pessimism find full vent. His was no coquettish dallying with world pain. His sadness had a deeper basis. It was the outcry of a soul that had lost its way in its search after the ideal. It was no mere elegiac moaning after a banished youth, a happy past. It was a dolour for the lost paradise of belief, the wail of anchorless scepticism, the elegy of homeless thoughts that turn to Nature for comfort, only to find her comfortless, echoing his griefs. For Lenau never wrote till he had lost belief, till his hopes for this world were crushed, for the next world dimmed. His poetry is one despairing wrestle with doubt, the terrible sickening doubt of a staggering soul.

Lenau had resolved to forego love, hope. But there came a time when love took root in his heart never to be ejected, and the "Liebesklänge" it inspired are exquisite in their pathos, melody, and form. To speak of his poetry, however, without naming the *Postilion*, would be like writing of Longfellow and omitting *The Psalm of Life*, and the poems bear the same analogy as representants of their creators. That is to say, in both instances they are the most popular and telling poems. Lenau's *Postilion* is a genre picture, a lyrical ballad pathetic in its simplicity. The poet drives one moonlight evening in May through a sleeping landscape, dashing past homesteads and meadows, until his postilion suddenly draws rein beside a lonely graveyard beneath a hill. Here, he tells his passenger, lies a comrade true and good to whom he must do a friendly service. This comrade loved to hear the notes of the post-horn, and here he halts each night to repeat his favourite song. So speaking, he turns to the churchyard and blows a merry rambler's song, and the echo from the hill gives back the notes in softer tones as though the dead postilion answered. The poem has been compared to *We are Seven* for naïveté and chastity of diction.

As simple in its conception and as beautiful is

THE THREE GYPSIES.

Once I found on a common land
Three gypsies lying together,
While my coach with trouble and toil
Crept through the sandy heather.

One in the hands for his own delight
Held a fiddle and fingered
A passionate air, and over him
The sunset glories lingered.

The second lay, a pipe in the mouth,
And watched the smoke at leisure,
Glad as though the whole of the earth
Could grant no greater pleasure.

At ease, his cymbal hung on a tree,
 Slumbered the other rover ;
 Over the strings went the breath of the wind,
 A dream his heart went over.

Full of holes were the clothes they wore
 And gay with coloured tatters,
 Free, defiant, they showed with scorn
 How little Fortune matters.

They showed me thrice how if life grow dark,
 If nightclouds lower and hover,
 One fiddles it, smokes it, sleeps it away,
 And scorns it three times over.

After the gypsies long I looked
 And stopped my plodding paces,
 To look again for their rough black curls,
 Their swarthy nutbrown faces.

Before his visit to America, Lenau's muse had moved in a purely lyrical course. On his return, after disappointment and despondency had enveloped him more closely in their black shadows, the never-ending battle in his breast between mystic absorptions and despairing scepticism waged with renewed fury. He tried to find a solution in philosophy, he analysed every emotion, he over-subtilised every feeling, he lacerated his breast to anatomise his woe. The German element in his nature, the dreamer, the philosopher, who deems he can find the reply to the eternal mystery in a system, gained the upper hand and gave colour to his verse.

"Alas!" cried Kerner, "in Lenau philosophy will kill poetry." His prediction was in part fulfilled. Lenau's was poetry rather of feeling than of idea. Therefore when he began to work upon a larger and wider scale, much of his charm vanished. His three longer poems, *Faust*, *Savonarola*, and *Die Albigenser* are not complete as works of art, though they all contain passages of power and beauty. To write a *Faust* after Goethe was a bold enterprise; and Lenau knew it. But he excused himself with saying that the Faust legend was not the monopoly of Goethe, but the property of humanity. And he was right. This theme, with its profound elasticity, its human truthfulness, is full of endless scope for the play of every mind. Lenau himself was a Faust, and his creation reflects its creator. He hoped in *Faust* to rid himself of the tortures that devoured him. In this lyric epic we witness the ebb and flow of scepticism, a swaying between God and devil, sin and remorse, enjoyment and desolation. It is interesting to compare the Fausts of Goethe and Lenau, so different in conception and execution. Unfortunately Lenau's genius was wholly undramatic; he could not get outside himself; hence his figures are apt to be puppets, not flesh and blood creations. Moreover he was wanting in the constructive faculty. He probably did not make his purpose clear to himself at starting;

his *Faust* reflects varying mental moods, instead of being a psychological or dialectical exposition. Thus it lacks dramatic unity and development; still, for all its faults, it is a strange and powerful work, full of deep flashes of insight, graphic natural pictures, spirited scenes, especially one, "Der Tanz," in which the shrill seductive tones of Mephistopheles' violin literally quiver above the Bacchanalia it portrays. Lenau's *Faust*, like Goethe's, discovers that all learning is futile, and sells himself to the devil that he may know truth. It is a struggle to him to seal the final pact, he cannot rid himself of a deep love for the Lord. In the opening he is divided against himself, but he has not yet entered into open conflict with his Creator. Only he would draw all the world into the circle of his Ego, in feverish despair blend self, world, and God into one being, and that one himself. These wild desires throw him into the arms of the devil, who henceforth holds him fast. Mephistopheles makes him travel by land and by water, leads him into sensual pleasures, lets him know true love and learn a deep truth beside a murdered corpse, but he cannot entirely win him over. Old memories of his childhood's faith, old ideal yearnings, cannot be stilled in the breast of Faust. Sitting lonely on the seashore this christian Prometheus looks out over the wild ocean, feeling cast out by God and man. The vulture of unsatisfied desire gnaws at his heart. "Could I but forget that I am a human being?" (*Könnst' ich vergessen, dass ich Creaturbin!*) he cries, when suddenly he thinks he perceives a solution to his agony. What! has he been struggling to get outside of that to which there is neither outside nor in? for whatever is, is in God. No being rests upon its own reality, but on a greater. Hence Faust feels he is intimately bound up with God, that Faust is not his true Ego, that what he fancied was himself is a mere shadow, a dream, a reflection from the great All. Therefore he the shadow mocks the shadow with whom he made a bond; this dream shall escape his hold and dream a knife into its breast. With this monologue of purest pantheism Faust plunges a dagger into his heart. But over the dead body Mephistopheles derides his delusion. Your escape, he sneers, was a dream, not so our bond. Mine you have been and mine you are until the end of time. Thus bitterly, hopelessly, Lenau quits his Faust. Its conclusion only resembles Goethe's in so far that in both the might of religion, spurned in the commencement, is acknowledged in the end. Lenau's Mephistopheles is not, like Goethe's, a necessary factor, the principle of evil that propels towards good, but the enemy and destroyer of life. It is a subtle touch that Lenau's Mephistopheles has power only over souls susceptible of ideal aspirations, who have felt the pains of doubt, and have gazed into the heaven of assured faith. In contrast to Faust's unbelief, a coarse sailor is introduced who, content in his sphere, desiring naught beyond, lacking the faintest ideal spark, is impervious to the seductions of the devil. This is indeed exquisite devilry. In vain Faust tries to find a comrade in misery in Görg; the eagle only preys at the heart of Prometheus who has sat at the table of the gods. It is the

characteristic of all Faust-like characters that they destroy their own heaven. In this wise Don Juan, also given over to the devil, is, like Faust, a typical representative of life. Lenau was attracted to depict him too. His Don Juan is no common roué, for he has known the poetry of true love, and this is the ideal point that lays him open to the attacks of the evil one. The work is a fragment, but the idea has been since developed with weird force by that strange genius Grabbe, who wrote a play, *Don Juan and Faust*, in which both characters appear, with their Teutonic speculative and southern sensual natures in sharp contrast.

III.

When Lenau came from America, his friends thought he had grown. It was quite true; he had grown in mental dignity, though not in stature. The success of his poems elated him, his temper was more equable. He began seriously to think of embracing a definite profession, when in the autumn of the same year these thoughts were diverted by his once more falling hopelessly in love. It was a love that lasted until his mental death, and was destined to prove a source of mingled joy and sorrow. Sophie was a married woman, the wife of an intimate friend, and the knowledge that they could never be united, never openly confess their feelings to the world, was a torture that awakened Lenau's dormant melancholy. Endowed with a rich intellect, Lenau acknowledged her his mental superior, and their intercourse was to him a source of inspiration and exhilaration. The more both felt their mental kinship, the less had they the moral force to sever the false bond that united them. Storm-tossed between duty and desire, Lenau's temper became uncertain, his humours savage. A feverish restlessness took hold of him; he changed his surroundings continually and abruptly, now living at Vienna, in the neighbourhood of Sophie, now hunting chamois in Styria, now striving to forget his sorrows in the idyllic circle of his Suabian friends. Music and poetry divided his time. When in Vienna, he lodged in the house where Beethoven had died; that mighty tone poet whose music he adored above all other. A bust of Beethoven always adorned his room, and he addressed it in a poem celebrating the height, breadth, and magic of the master's music:—

Him as the master first extolling,
Next to the rugged world-old mountains,
Next to the sea's unbounded rolling.
Fury of tempests on the ocean,
Storm in the Alps by lightning cloven,
These, or above the holy tumult
Louder the great heart of Beethoven.
Are the arousers of my spirit
That claims to question Fate, and bolder,
Even the last tree left in Eden
Sees with a smile to ashes smoulder.

Beethoven's music solaced the weary days that now ensued, when with a heart unsatisfied, a soul shaken with doubt, Lenau vehemently flung himself into the excitement of the various moods embodied in *Faust* and *Savonarola*, moods which he felt so deeply that they may have shaken his intellect, though as yet there appeared no signs of aberration.

"I am discharging my violent mental agitations in my poems," he wrote to a friend; and added at another time: "You know the story of Phaethon and the runaway horses of the sun. We poets are all such phantastic charioteers, who may easily be dragged by our own thoughts."

The bold and often false metaphors that occur in his poems picture the dissonance of these thoughts. And matters grew worse as time passed on, and he found how necessary Sophie was to his happiness, a bitter knowledge which the assurance that he was loved in return could not palliate. The success of his *Faust*, the demand for new editions of his poems, did not allay his sufferings, or cause him anything but transient pleasure. Yet when *Savonarola* failed to elicit the same admiration as *Faust*, he felt it keenly, and from that time forward his mood darkened, his poetry became more sombre. He played upon a lyre that was formed of his own heartstrings. In vain did he turn to Christian themes; he could not subjugate the hydra-headed demon of Doubt. He was haunted with the image of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, whom he regarded as the impersonation of ever-restless unbelief. A poet, he felt, must have certainty of some kind; either belief or unbelief, yet he had neither. Nevertheless, to this period we owe some of the most beautiful, though most melancholy, of Lenau's lyrics. He began to be haunted with presentiments of his dark fate. In a mystical gloom-swept poem, *Herbstabend*, he reflects his moral sufferings, and speaks of the autumn fogs that are obscuring his brain. Gradually even the visits to Suabia failed of their cheering effect. He reiterated that something was torn within him which would never heal, and that this was not fancy, not imaginary illness. His attacks of hypochondria grew more frequent; he complained that his nerves had been strung upon the violin of a demon, who played horrible tunes upon them. In a letter dated 1843 he wrote:—

"I have just read a word in Homer that admirably expresses my condition; it is ἀμυμέλας: yes, it is black all round about my soul when hypochondria seizes me, and it has seized me this winter oftener and tighter than ever before. A poet of our time cannot be happy; our time wants nothing from him. A poet, moreover, who has no family life, who has not even an assured existence, and is physically disposed to melancholy in the highest degree, as I am, such an one has hours when this Homeric adjective fits his soul."

He grew more and more irritable, misunderstandings with his friends became frequent, they were alarmed at his condition, only Sophie could calm him, but communion with her was a dangerous panacea. The

death of his beloved friend, Count Alexander of Wurtemberg, strengthened his deep depression. One day while walking through the streets of Stuttgart, he was struck by the word "Linquenda," inscribed over an old house. "Linquenda, linquenda," he repeated to himself, "we must quit everything."

In 1844 he went to Baden-Baden for change of scene. After an absence of a few weeks his friends at Vienna and Stuttgart were stupefied with amazement to read in the newspapers that the poet Niernbsch of Strehlenau was about to be married. This was the last intelligence they had expected to hear of the hypochondriac of confirmed bachelor habits, whose relations to Sophie, moreover, were familiar to his circle. The facts as they learnt them were these. He had met at table d'hôte a young girl of gentle character and sweet exterior of whom he became enamoured. Marie, flattered by the attentions of the famous poet, returned his affection, and suddenly Lenau was as though transformed. Youth, health, spirits, seemed to return to him. He expressed his new-found joy in music; he spent his nights in improvising upon the violin, extracting thence such wondrous sounds that listeners assembled round his doors. The doctors had forbidden this excessive occupation with music which formed for Lenau a kind of sensuous intoxication, but he could not refrain from giving his new-born happiness this utterance. When his fiancée returned home to Frankfurt, he descended from this heaven to the sublunary question of material existence. His own property did not suffice to found a household. He therefore made an agreement with his publisher Cotta, in virtue of which he ceded the copyright of his complete works in consideration of 20,000 florins payable by instalments. He then hastened to arrange his affairs at Vienna. A painful scene ensued with Sophie. She greeted him with "Niernbsch, is it true what the papers say of you?" "It is true," he replied, "but if you wish it I will not marry, but then I shall shoot myself." Deeply chagrined and mortified though she was, Sophie calmed the fury into which he lashed himself in this interview, but the permanently cheerful mood gave place to an unnatural exaltation, followed by fits of despair that alarmed his friends. He would frequently exclaim, "the light is going out," without cause or explanation. They saw him depart with anxiety. Various mishaps attended his passage of the Danube, that gave birth to one of his last poems, which though deeply mournful is perfectly sane. Leaning his head over the rail of the ship and looking into the waves of his native river, even the joy of his heart that he is going to his bride could not deaden his cares and disappointments, could not make him look hopefully into a happy future.

A LOOK IN THE STREAM.

Seest thou a joy depart from thee
 Thou must for ever banish,
 'Tis well within a stream to see
 How all things whirl and vanish.

Look deeply down, stare on and on,
 Thou wilt more lightly bear it,
 The loss of what, heart-wrenched, is gone,
 Although thy dearest were it.

Then shall oblivion, dreaming so,
 Thy heart with healing cherish;
 The spirit watches with her woe
 Herself flow past and perish.

The vessel ran aground on a sand-bank and was barely saved from wreck. "If only no sand-bank looms for my happiness," he wrote to Marie. Arrived at Stuttgart he busied himself with the final preparations for his marriage, when a friend pointed out that in his contract with Cotta he had failed to stipulate for interest upon the capital, and that hence he would for some time obtain no regular revenue. The shock caused a slight paralysis. "My whole misfortune is a mistake in arithmetic," he exclaimed bitterly. Letters from Sophie added to his excitement. Still he controlled himself and was able to appear on October 13 in a small friendly gathering, where he talked much and well, and spoke with enthusiasm of a new volume by Heine. Only now and again he let fall words that revealed his mental sufferings. He had frequently said that he must be married before October 15. It proved the date on which his madness was declared. He calmed the first access of its fury by playing Styrian *Ländler* to which he danced and sang. "My Guarnerius has done wonders," he said to his host next morning, "I am quite well; the sounds have fallen like dew upon my soul and refreshed it," and he wrote an account of his madness and cure and sent it to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The cure was of short duration; he grew rapidly worse. Even the heartrending strains he extracted from his violin could no more assuage him. His bride and her mother, hearing he was ill, set out to visit him. A change of post-horses forced them to halt at a wayside inn. To beguile the weary interval, Marie took up a newspaper and read in it the bald statement: "The poet Lenau is mad and has been put into a strait-waistcoat." When she arrived at Stuttgart the doctor dared not admit her to his presence. Heartbroken, the poor girl, who had only known her lover eighteen days, returned to Frankfurt. She never married, but entered a convent, exchanging her bridal veil for a nun's. Meantime Lenau's condition grew worse, so that it became needful to remove him to an asylum. For the space of two years lucid intervals of rare occurrence allowed his friends to retain hopes of his recovery. He continued to play his violin, he even wrote a poem, "Futile Nothing," a sad apologue of mortal life. But these lucid intervals grew rarer, the attacks of mania more violent and frequent. In 1847 he was removed to an Austrian asylum. Long years before, the keeper, who was a personal friend, had urged Lenau to visit him. "No, no," he had answered almost violently, "on no account. Some day you will get me in without an invitation." Three years, three terrible years,

the poet spent in this house, his condition passing from bad to worse, till idiocy succeeded to mania, till the power of speech was lost, and animal instincts gained the upper hand. Only once was he heard to sob in agonised tones, "Poor Niembach is very unhappy." It was the last up-flickering of his dying intelligence. The bitter wish that death might come as a release was wrung from his loving friends. Death, the deliverer, lingered long, but at last he came. August 22, 1850, Lenau fell asleep and was laid to rest in the quiet country graveyard of Weidling, a spot he had selected for his "Sabbath rest of Death."

Lenau had compared his life to a dream; it ended in a nightmare. "My life is a folly," he exclaimed in an interval of reason. "What have I done? Written a few good poems." Alas for him, his life and feelings were too like his poems. He was one of the many Germans whose verse is as sad as their lives, neither the one nor the other being rounded to what they might have been. It is difficult to predict all Lenau could have attained had satisfied love crowned his life and made it happier. A symbolical picture of his story was figured by his favourite seal, a storm-lashed ocean beating around a little bark bearing the inscription "Telle est ma vie." A sad life, uncompleted, unconvulsive. Will it yet find solution?

Impotent pieces of the game he plays
 Upon this chequer-board of nights and days!

 He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

H. Z.

The poem "The Three" is reprinted, by permission, from Mr. Garnett's "Poems from the German." For the other translations that occur in the course of this essay, the writer is indebted to Miss A. Mary F. Robinson.

A Grape from a Thorn.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XL.

A PARTY OF THREE.

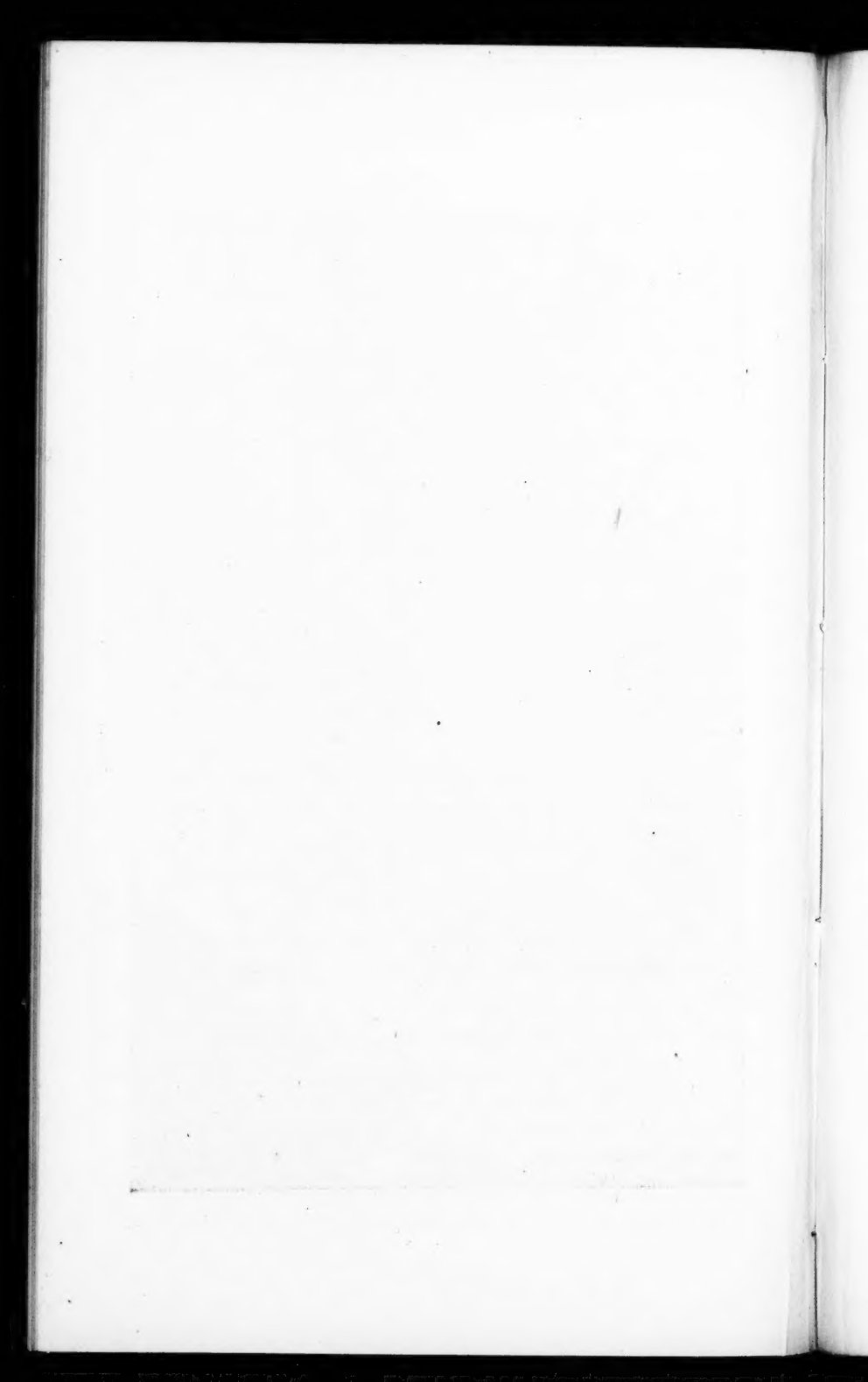


IF misfortunes could be traced to their root (which is difficult), I am inclined to think that one of the great causes of human misery arises from the practice of dining alone. It may be urged, indeed, that it is not so bad as not dining at all; but that is an evil which corrects itself. Nature (which abhors a vacuum) soon puts you out of your misery. But the people who dine alone by choice—I don't speak of omnibus conductors and others, who of necessity snatch their

meals—for the most part live miserably and die unregretted. Throughout their solitary repast their egotism grows and grows; the newspaper that they prop up before them to supply the place of conversation is but a mirror in which they contemplate themselves; they arise somewhat more resolute, perhaps (for such feats as cutting off their poor relations with a shilling), but unrefreshed and acid. That pint of claret which concluded matters curdles their last drop of human kindness. Even bereavement is no excuse for this deleterious habit. If you have no spirits for companionship, take a few spoonfuls of Brand's beef tea, or other concentration of nourishment, but do not sit down in solitude before a well-spread table and make a mock of the social meal. It is only animals who prefer to eat alone, and they have an excellent reason for it, since, being without a sense of proportion, they are afraid that the supply of viands may not suffice for the party.



"HAPPY APPARITION."



It was not, indeed, from any philosophic reflection upon this matter that Ella Josceline had elected to join the common table at Barton Castle, but there is no doubt that her choice was a wise one. The worst company that we can consort with when the heart is heavy is our own: there is an immense temptation to confine ourselves to it, as there is to the weary traveller to lie down and sleep in the snow; but to succumb to it is to "throw up the sponge" indeed.

It was a novelty, to begin with, and one of those little-thought-of accessories which, nevertheless, help to win us from ourselves, that "the Household" at Barton Castle dined not in the dining-room, which was reserved for his Highness, but in the great hall. The inconvenience which such an arrangement would usually have involved in the way of some late caller or accidental arrival being ushered into the banquet-hall, and finding himself with his umbrella where other folks were wielding their knives and forks, was in this case not to be apprehended, for no one ever called at Barton Castle, or came without being sent for. The size and airiness of the place was in summer very charming; and the great staircase, the figures in armour, and the tall servants in scarlet liveries, were as great a contrast to the simple surroundings of the *table d'hôte* at the *Ultra-marine* as the present company were to its guests. Mr. Heyton, in a white waistcoat and a red riband with some inscrutable order depending from it, took the head of the board, with Ella on his right, and Miss Birt, looking very stately in stiff black silk, opposite. The table was tastefully arranged with flowers, and the plates themselves made a fine show, for they were all of silver gilt.

"It is indeed an unexpected pleasure to see you here, Miss Josceline," observed the Secretary, with his hand on his ample shirt-front; "there never was an instance in which the proverb 'Two is company, but three is none,' was more completely falsified."

"Indeed, Mr. Heyton, I have neither the right nor the desire to be treated as company," said Ella modestly; then, reflecting that he might possibly take this as an excuse for being familiar (which he certainly did not need), she added, "I am merely here in order to give less trouble."

"God bless the cause! as his Highness would say; eh, madam?" returned the Secretary; and he looked at his *vis-à-vis* as if for corroboration.

Miss Birt said not a word, though a faint tinge of colour in her cheeks betrayed that she heard him. Even without that proof Ella would have felt certain, from a certain mischievous expression, which was comic without being good-natured, that accompanied his words, that he had said something designed to annoy her aunt. It was, in fact, one of the Secretary's few pleasures to poke fun at his patron in the house-keeper's presence in such a manner that she could not resent it, while it aroused her extreme indignation.

"You are looking at my medal, Miss Josceline," he continued; which, indeed, Ella was doing, simply because she did not know where to

look, and was resolute not to meet his laughing eyes, which seemed to expect her to sympathise with her aunt's discomfiture. "It is a very pretty trinket, and has at least the merit of being extremely rare, since I am the sole individual thus decorated. The whole Chapter of the Order of St. Rosalie is included in my humble person." He slipped the medal from its riband and placed it in her hand. "The legend is a simple one—a babe being carried to a boat. It is supposed to resemble, or at all events to symbolise, his Highness's grandfather, at a very early stage of his existence, about to embark for England. I think I have stated the facts correctly; eh, Miss Birt?"

"You ought to be acquainted with them at least as well as I," returned the housekeeper quietly.

"Quite true: as I am the Chapter, you would say, I ought to have them chapter and verse." And Mr. Heyton indulged himself in a long low chuckle, which, it is but fair to say, was evidently not only the appreciation of his own little joke.

"You are looking at the pictures, Miss Josceline," he presently continued in a graver tone; for Ella's eyes, which had wandered to the wall to escape his own, showed great displeasure; "they are among the few things at Barton Castle that you are free to say exactly what you think about; they are not like the family portraits in the gallery, which, if I am not mistaken, you have had the advantage of seeing under circumstances of peculiar advantage."

"How so?" inquired Ella coldly, though, calling to mind his look when she left him in the garden, she guessed well enough his meaning.

"Well, had you not his Highness himself for your cicerone? Now these portraits belong to the Castle itself, and are the counterfeit presentments of the ancestors of its proprietor. They are therefore open to criticism."

"I am no art critic, Mr. Heyton."

"No, you are something much better; you are a born artist."

"Indeed. You seem to know all about me from the very first," said Ella smiling. There was something in Mr. Heyton's audacity that amused her, or perhaps it was that she was resolved to get what she could out of the life that was left to her, and at all events not to make it more intolerable by taking needless offence.

"I judge from what I have seen with my own eyes," returned Mr. Heyton confidently. Your sketch of the 'Italian Boy' in the magazine is admirable."

"How came you to see it?" inquired Ella a little brusquely, and with a glance of plaintive reproof towards her aunt.

"I did not show it, my dear," returned Miss Birt with a positiveness that was almost comic. "I should not have dreamt of doing such a thing."

"No, indeed; there was no breach of confidence, I do assure you, Miss Josceline. It was his Highness himself who, knowing I had some

pretensions to artistic taste, was so good as to draw my attention to it. For which I thank him," he added gravely. "I do not say it was masterly, for that would be to use the language of exaggeration: I said to his Highness, 'Miss Josceline *wants* a master, but the drawing has the very highest merit—that of suggestion.' One seems to feel exactly what, as I suppose, you intended to convey."

"They were only an illustration of the verses," observed Ella modestly, though indeed she felt her ears tingling. Praise of her art—or rather of her "turn for it," which had been all her father had allowed her to possess—was new to her. And to artists of all kinds praise is very sweet.

"The verses?" observed Mr. Heyton, with such an exaggeration of indifference as, had Ella known the world better, would have at once convicted him of falsehood. "I did not notice there were any verses."

"Oh, but you should have read them; they are very beautiful."

"I am afraid I don't care much about magazine verse," said Mr. Heyton with a shrug of his shoulders. "Moreover, that drawing of yours needs no exponent. One reads in it at once the regret of the exile. That is the *motif*, is it not?"

Under other circumstances the use of this term would have struck her as an affectation, and thereby aroused her suspicions of the speaker's genuineness; but the intoxication of flattery had done its work. To use a phrase not often applied to a young lady, she was "too far gone." For this gentleman, who was evidently a judge of art, to have deciphered the exact meaning her pencil had endeavoured to convey, was indeed a feather in her cap. It was much more grateful to her, as being without prejudice, than the expression of admiration the drawing had evoked from her aunt.

"No one can tell, Miss Josceline," continued the Secretary, "how I envy you this gift of yours; and yet to a man it is nothing compared with its value to one of your own sex. He was a wise man who said that there were few things more pitiable than a beautiful woman whose beauty is her only attraction. Her case is like that of a person afflicted with a fatal illness, of whom we say, 'It is only a question of time.' She outlives herself in a few years and becomes nobody; what is worse, she sees all the homage that was once given her transferred to others. But if she is an artist, she is neither extinguished nor does she make herself wretched with vain regrets. Twenty years hence, Miss Josceline, you will appreciate the truth of my words."

As Ella was silent, though by no means from any want of interest in Mr. Heyton's observations, he looked across the table to Miss Birt with an "Am I not right, madam?"

"As a moral aphorism, your remark is admirable," she replied; "indeed I scarcely know your equal for reflections upon the vanity of human life. As a particular observation addressed to Miss Josceline it should be especially agreeable, since it credits her both with beauty and genius."

It is probable that Miss Birt thus expressed herself from a desire to put Ella on her guard against her companion rather than from her natural antagonism to him; but if so she failed in her intention. On the contrary, Ella felt that her aunt had been rather hard upon the Secretary, the justice of whose remark indeed had especially recommended itself to her, while its flattery had escaped her notice.

"I hope, Miss Birt, I have too much good feeling as well as good sense to pay compliments to Miss Josceline upon her talents as an artist. It would be false friendship indeed to flatter there. I was even about to observe," he said, turning to Ella, "that from the specimen afforded by the 'Italian Boy' her landscape drawing does not impress one so favourably as her mastery of the figure."

"I am a very bad hand both at scenery and perspective," said Ella, frankly; "my only hope is to succeed tolerably with figure-drawing."

"If you have any knack of taking likenesses, Miss Josceline," said Mr. Heyton, with sudden earnestness, "I beg you not to cultivate it."

"Dear me! why not?" inquired Ella with astonishment.

"Well, in the first place"—here he hesitated, as though his first reason was not the one he had first thought of—"unless you are a first-rate painter and nothing else, it leads to pot-boiling."

"I am afraid pot-boiling will be very necessary in my case," said Ella smiling.

"If one may augur performance from promise, I think not," said Mr. Heyton confidently. "But apart from that, there is a certain loss of independence. Your sitter, especially if he be a person of high rank, becomes your patron. Foster, the painter, killed himself because he had a commission to paint Louis XVIII. receiving the Order of the Garter, and Bird died of disappointment at his failure to represent the same monarch landing at Calais: nothing can be made out of such subjects except a little money, and not much of that. It is not the highest-placed people who are the most liberal, and, moreover, they give a deal of trouble through their unpunctuality and selfishness."

"I thought the English royal family, at least, were famous for their punctuality?" remarked Miss Birt, with that simplicity which a woman puts on when she asks a question which she knows can only be answered one way.

"It may be so; I was speaking generally," returned the Secretary smiling. "With all my admiration for Miss Josceline's talents, I did not suppose she would just yet be summoned to Windsor."

"No, not just yet," said Ella smiling, but with a pitiful sense of her own powerlessness and insignificance.

"Still, you have only to put your shoulder to the wheel," insisted the Secretary. "Time and patience conquer everything. When Giardini was asked how long it would take to learn the fiddle, he answered, 'Twelve hours a day for twenty years.' Even one without taste for it, he meant, would overcome all obstacles by that time. How much more, then,

would a person with a natural bent that way, as is certainly *your* case as respects drawing."

"Upon my word," Mr. Heyton, said Aunt Esther, "you are growing very appreciative."

"Pardon me, madam, I am only critical; I come of a critical family like that mentioned by Hazlitt, the grandfather of which thought nothing of Garrick, the father thought nothing of Mrs. Siddons, and the daughter could make nothing of the novels of Walter Scott, though she liked Mr. Theodore Hook's *Sayings and Doings*."

It seemed impossible to put Mr. Heyton out of temper that evening, and Ella thought it rather hard that her aunt should so obviously try to do so. When they were once more in her little room together she hinted at this.

"Well, my dear, I am sorry to seem to be hard upon him; but I know Mr. Heyton very well. Whenever he makes himself agreeable, as he did to-day, he does it with a purpose. He made himself very agreeable to *me* at one time—(no, not in the way you fancy; I am not fool enough to suppose *that*)—but in order to establish what he called an offensive and defensive alliance between us. It is no matter against whom or with what object, but I was obliged to tell him that, so far as I was concerned, such an alliance could be only offensive."

"But he can have no reason for conciliating *me*," pleaded Ella.

"That is, none that you can see," answered Aunt Esther drily.

"Just so. Do you know, Aunt Esther, I think Mr. Heyton was chiefly anxious to efface a bad impression?"

Aunt Esther nodded assentingly.

"No doubt; he is altering his tactics. When he first saw you he thought that, being young and orphaned, and in a dependent position, he could carry matters with you with a high hand. But now that he perceives you have talent, and are a girl of character, he is going another way to work. Moreover, he knows that his Highness has taken a fancy to you, and that you may be dangerous."

"Dangerous! How so?"

"Well," explained Miss Birt with hesitation, "he is very jealous of his influence over his master, and resents it being shared by anybody; by myself, for instance. Do you know why he warned you against portrait-painting, and especially in the case of great personages? That was to prevent your offering to paint his Highness's portrait."

"Good heavens! But I should never dream of such a thing."

"Of course not; but Mr. Heyton dreams a good deal, and looks very far ahead. If a man could insure his own worldly advantage by taking thought beforehand, Mr. Heyton would be a prince and a millionaire."

"Do you really think, then, that his talk had an object in view?—it seemed to arise so naturally, and, so far as I can pretend to judge, was so intelligent and sagacious. When he spoke of diligence, for example, and

said, 'The busy bee has no time for sorrow,' he certainly said a wise thing. At all events, I felt it was good advice."

"No doubt; and it appeared to be all the wiser because it had an application to your particular case. But I have my doubts as to its being his own."

"You mean to imply, then," said Ella laughing, "that Mr. Heyton is a plagiarist?"

"He is a deal worse than that, my dear," said Aunt Esther sententiously, "he's a bad one all round."

XLI.

A PARTY OF FOUR.

To Ella the reticence of Aunt Esther with respect to Mr. Heyton's character was almost as significant as her revelations; it was a subject she evidently avoided as being a very distasteful one, and yet when pressed she spoke her mind upon it. She had left him at first to make his own way with her niece, and so long as he had failed in it, would have been well content to keep silence; but no sooner had he gained her ear and appeared to be gaining her good opinion, than Aunt Esther had stepped in with her note of warning. Ella did not dispute her relative's wisdom in this, and far less her good intentions; but upon the whole, social life at the castle, with her only two companions at daggers drawn, did not promise to be very cheerful, and she almost regretted having volunteered to come out of her retirement before there was need for it. She looked forward to this daily dinner party of three, with their services of silver gilt, with anything but pleasure, and would have preferred a dinner of herbs on wooden platters with a little friendly feeling. Her apprehensions on this score, as happens to us in so many cases (which is meant no doubt to be set on the *per contra* side of our many disappointments), proved to be groundless; for on the very next day, when she was about to prepare for dinner, Miss Birt burst in upon her in a state of breathless excitement with the news that they would not be three that day at dinner, since his Highness himself would join the party.

"Such a thing, my dear, has not occurred," she panted, "since I have been at the castle."

"I am glad to hear he is coming," said Ella.

"Now I am so glad to hear you're glad," continued the old lady.

I was so afraid that it might make you nervous. There is really, however, nothing to be afraid of; 'you have only to be like yourself,' as he says, 'and you're sure to please.'"

"Who says?" inquired Ella, laying down her pencil (which was now almost always in her fingers when she was not deep in perspective), and staring at her aunt in unfeigned surprise.

"Oh, well, perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it; but his Highness was talking about you and your singing, and so on, and praising the naturalness of it."

"It certainly is not artificial," said Ella smiling, "for I have had too little teaching; he must be very easily pleased."

"By some people, perhaps, my dear, but not generally; even Mr. Heyton, though he certainly does his very best, does not always succeed in that."

"I should like to see him at it," said Ella, smiling.

"At what, my dear?"

"Trying to please his Highness. Mr. Heyton on his best behaviour must be an interesting spectacle."

"He does not interest me," said Aunt Esther drily.

"No; that is because you are used to him. Dear papa used to say that everybody was interesting for five minutes. I am not so clever, and therefore I don't find out people so quickly."

"It will take you a very long time to find out Mr. Heyton, my dear," said Aunt Esther gravely.

"Then the pleasure will last me all the longer," returned Ella, smiling.

"What a strange girl you are," said the old lady, musing. "But I am delighted to see you so cheerful."

"Yes; with my father but a week dead," said Ella bitterly, "I must seem a strange girl indeed to most people—one without a heart, for one thing. There, don't mind me, Aunt Esther; I know what you would say. It is better thus than to let nature take her way; besides, poor folks, as you yourself admitted, cannot indulge in the luxury of grief."

"You have forgotten the best reason of all, Ella; we agreed, you know, that to show a brave face to the world would be the best way to please those who have left you alone in it."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Esther, you are as wise as you are kind. It is indeed well to remember what you have just said. Only, when you see me talking and laughing you will recollect that for all that I have not forgotten——"

"Ella, Ella, pray do not give way," cried Aunt Esther earnestly. "I don't call you 'my darling' for fear it should make you worse, but I feel for you. Oh yes, for I know what it is."

"Life is very very hard," sobbed the girl.

"Yes, at times it seems too hard. Yet it is not only in heaven that God wipes away our tears."

"It was only for a moment, Aunt Esther; I am better now. Has the first gong gone?"

"Yes, deary. Let me put some eau de Cologne upon your sponge. There, now, nobody will know—at least nobody of any consequence."

"That is a very modest speech," said Ella, with a grateful smile.

"Oh, I did not mean myself, my dear; though it is quite true I am

a person of no consequence. I meant that you would not deceive Mr. Heyton. He has the eyes of a lynx. Now, I wouldn't have his Highness know that you had been crying for a good deal."

"Why not?"

"Well, because it would make him so sorry; it is his particular wish that you should be happy at Barton."

"That is very kind of him," said Ella; but she could not help thinking that his good wishes were not of the same sort she had been used to at Wallington. Perhaps it was bitterness of spirit that made her refuse to believe in the good feelings of great folks of all kinds, but it seemed to her that she was wanted to be happy for another's sake, and not her own: that she might make herself more agreeable to him, or be in better voice for singing. Dependence was new to her, but in time no doubt, she reflected, "I shall come to understand things, and to see that sorrow or illness are out of place in one of my position, and put people of real consequence to inconvenience." Or, on the other hand, would she never learn this distasteful lesson, but yearn all her life for sympathy and friendship upon equal terms? There are two ways by which the human character may be moulded: one by the gradual means of time and use, and another by a sudden plunge into the furnace of adversity. In this latter, however, there is some danger (of heart-break) in the cooling process.

The dinner-table at Barton, always ample for its guests, had an addition that evening of a peculiar character. At one end there was a piece of elevated table-land, laid for a single person, which placed the others, as it were, below the salt. Here his Highness took his seat with a sort of curved bow to the rest of the company, as though he was just making their acquaintance, though, as a matter of fact, he had seen two-thirds of them a dozen times in the day. Ella, as it happened, he had not seen, and he at once addressed to her an inquiry after her health. He spoke in a low voice, as though the matter were a secret between them, so that her reply, which was somewhat in her usual tone, had almost the air of a breach of confidence. Whether from that imitation which is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, or from a notion of reverence, it was the fashion at Barton to speak in hushed tones in his Highness's presence, which gave to the remarks indulged in a certain importance that they would otherwise, perhaps, have sometimes lacked. Shut out as they were from the external world, the tenants of the castle had, as a rule, no everyday topics to discourse upon, while philosophy and literature were not encouraged. It was this absence of general conversation perhaps which gave Ella the opportunity of noting certain little facts which otherwise might have escaped her observation. One was that their host was helped first, like a Prince of the Blood, and her aunt and herself afterwards; another was that though he paid her but little colloquial attention, his eyes were as difficult to avoid as Mr. Heyton's had been on the previous day. Their glance was not so intelligent as the Secretary's, but it was gentle and

kindly, and the eyes were very fine eyes. On remarking subsequently on this to Aunt Esther that lady replied, "My dear, you may well say that; such eyes were never seen in man or bird save in the eagle and Prince Charlie." An observation so uncharacteristic of the speaker, that Ella at once set it down as his Highness's own, though it was so only by adoption; the historical or natural-historical parallel having originally been suggested to him by Mr. Heyton.

If his Highness's eyes took those eagle flights in her direction, the Secretary kept his lynx eyes upon his Highness. Not a look, not a word, not a movement of his august master escaped him. And when the solemn silence became too oppressive even for his master's mood, Mr. Heyton's musical voice was lifted up as though a fountain (of oil) had been suddenly set flowing.

"There has been a curious discovery, sir, at Wallington to-day, where some workmen have been excavating."

His Highness lifted his brows perhaps a hair's-breadth. If the Secretary had said "The weather is fine at Wallington," he could not have evinced a more profound indifference.

"It was at the *Ultramarine*, where Miss Josceline has been staying.

"Indeed!" observed his Highness in a tone that seemed to say "Why did you not say that at first, blockhead?"

"Yes; in a part of the building which I believe is called the Prior's House, is it not?" And the Secretary appealed to Ella with so swift a side glance that his eyes hardly left his patron's face.

"Indeed, I have reason to know it," she replied; "it was there a dear little child in whom I was interested had a serious illness."

"Miss Josceline has omitted to add, sir, that she nursed him through it," observed the Secretary.

"He must have been a happy boy," observed his Highness. "'Oh, woman'—what are the lines, Heyton?" The speaker in his turn, though addressing the Secretary, kept his eyes fixed on his fair neighbour.

Mr. Heyton supplied the lines as in duty bound; he was not only, as his master admitted, his right hand, but also his library of reference.

"Well, sir, under the Prior's house has been discovered a skeleton with a long Spanish cloak, which, however, mouldered away on being exposed to the air."

"A Spanish cloak!" ejaculated Ella with excitement; "that is most curious. The poor child was terrified by some apparition of that nature; and indeed I saw it, or thought I saw it, myself."

"Happy apparition!" ejaculated his Highness. "That is to say," he added with gravity, "if the vision was reciprocal. Do you really mean that you saw a ghost, Miss Josceline?"

"Indeed, sir, I thought I saw something," said Ella, with difficulty restraining her emotion, though she felt it so ill-timed. "But of course one does not believe in ghosts."

"Well, I would not say that," returned his Highness; "only at the

Ultramarine one would scarcely have supposed anyone of sufficient importance, though to be sure there have been Priors of noble lineage. You see it is only the oldest families who *have* ghosts."

The positiveness and gravity with which he enunciated this amazing theory would under any other circumstances have tickled Ella's sense of humour; but as it was, she only bowed her head, which, though she did not know it, was the wisest thing she could have done. Respectful submission was a thing his Highness greatly preferred to argument, or even conviction.

"It has always struck me as remarkable," pursued the Secretary, with a solemnity that would have excited suspicion in any breast save that of his patron, "that in the House of Stuart there is no well-authenticated record of a spiritual visitation. One would have thought that, with such a history, and distinguished by such melancholy events—Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I., for example—(for an instant his eyes met Ella's with such an expression of drollery that if he had added "both with their heads under their arms," it would only have seemed what might have been expected)—there would have been ghosts."

His Highness shook his head as if in doubt upon this point. Upon the whole he seemed to feel it might be a distinction in the case of the very highest family *not* to be haunted.

"It is curious," continued the Secretary, "and adds a great weight of testimony to the incident, that Miss Josceline's little companion should have seen the figure in question. Children always have a greater insight into the spiritual world than grown people."

"Or rather," put in Miss Birt, irritated as usual by the Secretary's veiled ridicule of their common patron, and especially at the annoyance, or even alarm, which the topic was evidently causing her niece, "should we not simply say that children are more easily frightened than grown persons?"

"That scarcely goes to the root of the matter, madam," returned the Secretary; "or, indeed, if it means anything, would suggest that there were no such things as ghosts at all, which is contrary to the views his Highness has been so good as to express to us. I have myself known an instance of a child, not indeed a ghost-seer, but who was the undoubted instrument of spiritual agency." His glance, like a casting-net, took in both Ella and his patron as it inquired whether he should proceed. His Highness nodded, carelessly enough; but Ella, interested because of Davey's strange experience and eager for light upon it, murmured "Pray tell us."

"A lady of my acquaintance had three children, the youngest of whom was a girl of six. She was of a melancholy though by no means of a morose disposition, and very thoughtful for her years. Her air and manner also were what we call in a child 'old-fashioned,' but otherwise there was nothing to distinguish her from other children. One morn-

ing, while sitting by her mother's side with her doll in her arms, she suddenly observed, 'Mamma, I should like to put my doll in mourning.'

"That is a strange idea, Kitty; but I will ask Jane to get you some black calico at the shop.' And she did so. Kitty was her mother's favourite child, either because she was the youngest and most delicate, or because her reticence and quiet ways did not recommend her to other people, who preferred her sisters Georgie and Nellie. She generally got what she asked for. A few days after this poor Georgie got a sore throat, which turned out to be diphtheria, and was dead in a few days. Her parents were inconsolable, and their loss made them doubly anxious for those that remained to them, especially Kitty, who showed premonitory symptoms of consumption, and for whose sake the family removed to the seaside, where, however, she gathered little strength. Six months afterwards she remarked in her quiet way that Dolly's dress was getting sadly the worse for wear, and that she must have a new suit of mourning.

"Mourning? Why mourning, my dear,' replied her mother. 'How is it you are so fond of dressing it in black?'

"Oh, it must be black,' said Kitty; 'mine is not a gay doll, and dislikes going into society.'

"On the first day that Dolly had her new dress tried on a dreadful accident happened. Nellie, running too near the edge of the cliff, fell over it, and was picked up mortally hurt. She never spoke again, and died in a few hours. Then all the affection of her parents centred in Kitty. For a time she seemed to mend a little, as if responsive to their tender care; but after a few months she grew worse than ever. As her mother hung over her little bed one morning, she perceived that her doll, from which she seldom parted, and never when she slept, was dressed in a new suit of black. The recollection of the child's last two requests, followed by such sad fatalities, recurred to her with painful force, and Kitty seemed to read it in her eyes.

"I am very sorry, mamma,' she whispered, 'but I was obliged to do it. I was afraid that you wouldn't let Dolly have her new mourning, so I got Jane to buy it for her.'

"The next morning Kitty was found lying dead with her dumb favourite clasped in her arms."

"I really think, Mr. Heyton, that you need not tell us such distressing stories," observed Miss Birt, with irritation. "You have quite frightened Miss Josceline."

"No, indeed," said Ella. "It was very foolish of me if I looked frightened."

"I am sure Miss Josceline is much too sensible," observed his Highness confidently, "to be frightened about a rag doll."

"Just so—an aunt Sally; if I may be excused the vulgarism," put in the Secretary."

"Aunt who?" inquired his Highness sharply. It had suddenly struck him (forgetting that Mr. Heyton knew, or should know, nothing

about it) that the Secretary was making some contemptuous reference to the relationship between Ella and Miss Birt.

"Aunt Sally is the amusement of the lower classes on the racecourse, sir," explained the Secretary.

"Then the lower classes ought to be ashamed of themselves," was the unexpected rejoinder. "Her sex and age should be a protection to her. In the sense that every soldier is said to be a gentleman, every woman is a lady, and should be treated as such." And with another sweeping inclination of his head to the company his Highness rose, whereat the company stood up (just as gentlemen rise when ladies leave the room), and remained standing till the door of his private apartments had closed behind him.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE COMMISSION.

It was curious, considering what we know of our heroine, to find her the champion of a personage like Mr. Heyton, but so vehement was Miss Birt against the Secretary when the two ladies were alone together that evening, that Ella felt compelled to say a word or two in his favour, which unfortunately only added fuel to flame.

"It was my duty, my dear," said Miss Birt, "to have told you from the first that Mr. Heyton was a very dangerous man, and I neglected it."

"But indeed, Aunt Esther," smiled Ella, "you have made up for that omission since."

"Well, I only hope it is not too late, my dear—that's all." And the good lady sighed and shook her head, like a medical man called into a rival's case.

"Too late! What *do* you mean, Aunt Esther? Mr. Heyton is certainly more interesting than I expected, but that is not saying very much."

"I must say you seemed very much absorbed by his conversation, my dear."

To this Ella scarcely knew what to say: the fact is, she had felt the Secretary's conversation to be a considerable relief to the dullness of the dinner party; his doll story especially had, perforce, struck her. The supernatural (if well handled) is attractive to all who are not philosophers or very commonplace people; indeed the narrative in question had excited even Aunt Esther to the extent of curdling her blood, only her dislike of the *raconteur* was such that she would not have owned to having experienced a ray of interest in anything he said for millions. To Ella, however the prevision of the unlucky Kitty seemed to have some association with little Davey. She did not actually accede to Mr. Heyton's theory, that the young were endowed with spiritual insight; but what had been found in the excavations at the Prior's house, coupled

with the child's experience (and indeed with her own), staggered her not a little. Nay, though she knew such an idea must originate in her own nervous and abnormal mental condition, she had a sort of apprehension that in Davey's case, as in Kitty's, the incident might foreshadow his early death. In that case how desolate would the old man be without his child! Her pity would have been greater or more complete had not the thought of him reminded her of her father's misplaced hope. Thence her thoughts wandered once more to forbidden ground—to the friends she would never see again (and one of them, alas, so dear, so dear), from which she had to recall them as it were with a dead lift. It was injudicious, she bitterly reflected, in Aunt Esther, had she but known, to attempt to stifle in her any interest, no matter in whom or what, which might help to lead her from the contemplation of the past. At the same time she was conscious that it was only love and tenderness which suggested such a course of action.

"My dear Aunt Esther," she said, calling up a smile, "I do assure you Mr. Heyton's conversation does not 'absorb' me. But I do not feel (perhaps, as you say, because I do not know him as well as you do) an aversion to him as a fellow-guest. To my mind he shows better in company than in a *tête-à-tête*. I told you I wanted to see him on his best behaviour."

"And pretty behaviour it was," put in Aunt Esther. "Did you not see, not once nor twice, but all through his tale, how, even when pretending to be most humble, he strove to make his Highness ridiculous? How he played upon his weaknesses, and exaggerated them while feigning to be sympathetic? How in every way, in short, he strove to represent him, in your eyes, in an unfavourable light?"

"There was certainly some satire in his speech occasionally," admitted Ella, "which, considering their mutual positions, was unbecoming. But it must be allowed that his Highness's ideas are a temptation to persons given to cynicism."

"There you see," cried her companion bitterly, "he has effected his object. You are already beginning to regard his Highness through Mr. Heyton's spectacles."

"Which are certainly not rose-coloured," added Ella, laughing.

"No, they are not. I could tell you what colour they are if it were worth while." Here she stopped, trembling and greatly agitated.

"My dear aunt," said Ella gravely, "pray believe that nothing Mr. Heyton may say will ever make me ungrateful to the master of this house."

"That is spoken like yourself, dear, and the longer you live here the more reason you will have to speak and think well of him; that is, I think so—I believe so," she added hastily. "Even now—but no matter. I do not wish to be his partisan; you will judge for yourself."

Aunt Esther's doubts were even a greater puzzle to Ella than her convictions. That she disliked the Secretary very heartily was to be

accounted for by his own conduct to her, as well as his feelings towards their common patron; but her "I think so—I believe so," when speaking of his Highness, was the first sign of want of confidence she had given in that quarter. She seemed to perceive the impression she had thus given, for she continued, with great earnestness, "My dear, you are very young, and I am not the wisest of advisers; it is possible you may know more of the world than I, who have lived so little in it. Heaven knows, however, that I am acting for you to the best of my lights. Let us say no more about it, but leave matters in higher hands."

And with that she wished her niece "Good-night," and left her to her books as usual.

That night, however, Ella read but little; her mind was full of meditations, neither on the past nor on the future, but on the present. Why was it that her aunt was so solicitous for her sake either about Mr. Heyton or his master? and what were the hopes or fears she evidently entertained concerning her?

In the morning came a letter which dispelled for the time all her speculations, and filled her young heart with unutterable joy—an expression, it must be acknowledged, generally reserved for the satisfaction derived from the tender passion, but which is nevertheless applicable to certain exceptional cases of another kind. The communication was of a very prosaic character, but it thrilled her being with ecstasy, for it convinced her for the first time that she possessed ambition. The "dream that comes through the multitude of business" had here its converse, for out of this one business epistle there grew a hundred dreams:—

"Dear Madam,—We beg to acknowledge your favour of yesterday. We are glad you are willing to furnish us with illustrations for the *Keepsake*. In the meantime, however, perhaps you would not object to occupy your pencil upon a more private matter. We are about to publish an anonymous book of ballads from English history (by a Mr. Fortescue), and it strikes us that you might like to illustrate it. The pictures would be twelve in number and about the same size as that with which you have already favoured us, and we are prepared to pay the same price for them (two guineas each). If drawn upon the wood, we could make you a better offer, but without instruction it is improbable that you could succeed in this. We have communicated, however, with Mr. Beardmore, and he has forwarded a few blocks as requested. As the publication of the ballads is pressing, we would request you to confine yourself for the present to that matter: we have sent the proof-sheets by this post.

"We have the honour to remain, dear Madam,

"Yours faithfully,

"PATER & SON."

Here was wealth, if not beyond the dreams of avarice, far beyond Ella's modest aspirations. Twenty-five pounds for twelve little drawings,

and even still greater payment if she should be able to overcome the difficulties of drawing on wood. Let the rich man smile, whose money breeds while he sleeps or idles; or the popular lawyer, who for one glance of his eye on a client's brief (or for the mere promise unfulfilled of it) makes twice the sum that seemed to Ella so rich a guerdon. She could bear their contempt with a light heart, and was happier than either in her ignorant simplicity. Work and wage, the two great blessings of life under its modern conditions, were now assured to her. She opened the proof-sheets with eager hands, yet with enforced deliberation; she felt that impatience would be unbecoming in the commencement of a work so important, and the exhibition of it a proof of her incapacity. She was curious, of course, to read the poems which it was her task to illustrate, but there must be no undue haste. Moreover, she made up her mind not to be disappointed if they were deficient in merit; the more prosaic they were, the less they would suggest, and the harder they would consequently be to embody; but that was the worst of it. Their very deficiencies might in the end turn out to her advantage, since they would teach her to rely on her own resources. If Messrs. Pater & Son could have got an insight into their young client's mind they would have seen reason to congratulate themselves. No commission from Royalty itself ever gave to artist a more keen resolve to do her best than filled Ella's being. The idea of "scamping" her work—which grows, alas, with our success in so many of us, and in all departments of human labour, even the highest—had no existence for her: she would as soon have thought of scamping her prayers. Success she hoped for, but of deserving success, so far as pains and diligence might deserve it, she felt sure. Happy, happy Ella!

The ballads were twelve in number, and took for their subjects the stock events, which are also the most picturesque, of English history. Alfred and the Danes; the proxy wooing of Ethelwold; Elfrida's deadly stirrup-cup; and so on, down to the field of Chalgrave. The poems, though falling short of genius, struck her as being strong and vigorous. If the theme did not absolutely inspire, its stateliness never oppressed the author, so as to reduce him to platitude and the commonplace. The metre was for the most part monotonous, as is usual with ballads; but in some cases it was broken by the introduction of a song or two far superior to the general strain. The chief difficulty in Ella's way, and one which would have dismayed a less enthusiastic worker, was the necessity of portraying her characters in the dress of their period; but in her case, since it involved study, this only made the task more welcome. She had noticed some works on mediæval costume in the bookcase that would give her the required data, which was a more fortunate circumstance than perhaps she imagined; for diligence and correctness, though very well in their way, do not command everything, and among other matters with which they fail to supply their possessor is, for example, an accurate idea of the headgear worn by Guthrum.

At midday came the wood blocks, very neat and even, and as simple

to look at as a child's puzzle. But by that time poor Ella was already in difficulties; her self-denial had not been strong enough to prevent her trying a sketch of the minstrel king in the Danish camp, and it reminded her of nothing so much as Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. Guthrum's disposition was, as we all know, a resolute one, and anything more characteristic in the way of stiffness she confessed to herself it was impossible to imagine than her representation of him. She had an impression, moreover, notwithstanding her studies in perspective, that considering he was not in the foreground, he was about four feet too high. Alfred's harp, too, though intended to be an imposing instrument, was, she felt, one of too great size and weight for a musician to carry about with him without the assistance of a wheeled conveyance. Ella's spirit, however, was indomitable. After all, she reflected, there were the wood blocks in which any mistake in the paper drawing might be rectified; nor could she resist the temptation of transferring her picture to one of them "with alterations and improvements," in order to try the effect. Then she sat down and began to cry.

Some people say that as soon as you begin to tackle a difficulty it disappears, but their genius must be great or their experience exceptionally limited. For the moment it seemed to poor Ella that after all she had mistaken her profession, and had better stick to bonnet-making, for which, as we know, she had a very pretty turn. What disheartened her most was the comparison between her own work and the pictures in the book of costumes, which, though necessarily of a formal kind, as it happened were admirably executed. It is always thus, even to those of us who succeed, when we are young. Our verses are so halting, our pictures are so feeble, our stories are so pointless, beside those of acknowledged merit. Then, as we grow in power and reach the same elevation, the light that we saw about them from afar has somehow failed; we stand on the very spot where they stood, or even higher, but the glow has departed which it was our ambition to share with them. Our ears once so greedy of praise are dull of hearing, and we discover—though, alas! without surprise, for we have long suspected it—that success is less sweet than endeavour.

"Well, my dear, all I can say is," said Aunt Esther, who looked in at this crisis, "that I call your Alfred beautiful. I used to play on the harp myself, and must be allowed to know something about it; only mine had treadles."

"And this you would say is more like a Jew's harp," said Ella bitterly.

"Not at all, my dear. A Jew's harp is quite different, and can never be mistaken for it, being played with the teeth. Believe me, all you want is good teaching."

"Dear Aunt Esther," answered Ella despairingly, "you might just as well say, 'All you want is a million of money.'"

"Nay, my dear, you should not talk like that," said the old lady

gently. "Sometimes things drop from the skies—which means from heaven—when one least expects it."

"Do they?" said Ella wearily.

"Yes, quite as often as they come the other way—that is, I mean misfortunes," explained Aunt Esther with precipitation. "Now you would not think there was the very person of all others whom you most wished to see at this very moment under this roof."

The very person she most wished to see! The colour rushed to Ella's face, and her eyes stared inquiringly at her companion. Was it possible that Mr. Vernon was at Barton Castle, and if so, on what errand?

"Yes, the million of money has come—that is, a tutor."

Ella's countenance fell. For our satisfaction at events is not a fixed quantity, but varies with our expectations.

"But who can have sent for a tutor for me?"

"The kindest of men—his Highness himself. Nay, do not look as if you could never accept such a weight of obligation. He foresaw your scruples, if I am not mistaken, and has provided against them. The gentleman comes nominally to— That's his knock at the door. There, I thought you would be pleased."

Ella had started up with a little cry of joy, and was holding out both her hands in welcome to the new comer. It was Mr. Felspar.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN EXPLANATION.

ELLA's welcome—smile, glance, and gesture—took both visitor and spectator by surprise. Aunt Esther was almost shocked at it. She had a suspicion that her niece was not quite heartwhole. Was this, then, and not the other, the young gentleman who had attracted her young affections? Felspar himself was even still more astonished by the warmth of his reception, and for an instant tempted to take a similar view of it. But a moment's reflection convinced him of what was the true state of the case—how, notwithstanding the shortness of the interval since they had last met, it had comprised for Ella the experience of a lifetime; and though she had had such scanty knowledge of him, circumstances, by associating him with her old life, had made of him an old friend. He met her advances with equal friendliness, but with a respect which, if they had been alone, would have been even still more marked. His heart bled for her—poor, orphaned, well-nigh friendless—but also for himself. The temptation to put himself in his friend's place, when he had once ceased to feel the pressure of her eager hand, was no greater than it had been, yet some would have said there was more excuse for it, for since he last saw her his friend's chances had become almost hopeless. Vernon had admitted to him on his return from his last visit to Mr. Josceline, that he had

promised that gentleman on his deathbed that he would never ask his daughter's hand in marriage except under certain conditions, which practically amounted to a perpetual prohibition. To Vernon they had not seemed to do so at the time; he had indeed rather welcomed them as being at all events better than the point-blank rejection he had anticipated—if indeed that can be called a rejection which was volunteered, and evoked by no direct proposal of his own. But the object of this seeming complaisance was now only too plain. It gave time not only for Mr. Aird to make his offer without a rival so far as Vernon was concerned, but for a score of other eligible parties, should such present themselves, to do the like.

What had happened may be best gathered from a conversation between Mr. Aird and Mr. Felspar, which had taken place on the very day of Ella's departure from the *Ultramarine*. The former had called on the painter in the absence of Vernon from Clover Cottage, and for once without little Davey.

"I want to say a few words to you, Mr. Felspar," he said, without the least circumlocution, "about Miss Josceline."

Felspar bowed, perhaps a little coldly. He understood by this time exactly what had been Mr. Josceline's expectations, and he was not sure that they were unfounded.

"She is a young lady in whom I feel a deep, nay, I may say an affectionate interest," continued the old man; "and I fear she has entered into the battle of life without understanding its difficulties and its dangers."

"That is very true, sir," admitted the other. "As to its dangers, however, she has gentleness and purity, which are as good safeguards as in Una's time."

"I don't know about Una," answered the old man brusquely; "but I know there are a good many blackguards about in all ranks, not excluding the highest, and that simplicity is their natural prey. Do you know anything of this man at Barton Castle?"

"Very little; though all I have heard of him is to his advantage. Moreover, Mrs. Wallace assured me that Miss Josceline is in safe hands at Barton, with a female relation of her own."

"That's strange; for she told me she had none. However, let us suppose her well placed for the present. What views has she for the future?"

Mr. Felspar shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, sir, you feel a greater interest (as I hope) in this good girl than you permit yourself to express."

For the moment Felspar imagined that this man had read the secret of his soul. Fortunately he had a great command over himself—he had the habit of self-control—or he might have made, as it turned out, a most unnecessary revelation.

"You are quite right, Mr. Aird; I feel for her deeply, and I would do all in my power to save her—and so would Vernon."

"May I ask whether you have any particular reason for introducing that young man's name in connection with Miss Josceline," inquired the old man sharply.

Felspar was silent for a moment. His suspicions of Mr. Aird's intentions were confirmed by his tone of irritation.

"Well, well, I do not wish to be intrusive," continued his companion. "It is clear to me, at all events, that you both know something about this young lady, have been more or less familiar or confidential with her—it is only natural that she should have been more frank with you than me, though I tried to win her confidence—and hence it is that I am come for your advice on her behalf. Are you aware that I ventured to offer her, through a third person, and as delicately as I could manage it, certain pecuniary assistance."

"Yes; it was a large sum," answered Felspar significantly.

"It was no more than I owed her for her kindness to a friendless old man, who is not long for this world, and to his delicate darling boy—poor little Davey."

The tears came into the speaker's eyes; it was clear that to his own mind the phrase "not long for this world" had suggested itself twice over—in the child's case as well as his own. Mr. Felspar's heart was touched and won at once; he perceived that he had been on the brink of a fatal error.

"Yes, sir; I think I can tell you, though it may give you some annoyance, why Miss Josceline did not and could not accept your munificent benevolence."

"It was a debt, I tell you."

"Perhaps so; but, being unconscious of her own deserts, she thought it an obligation."

"That was not like her," answered Mr. Aird doubtfully. "Moreover, if she had thought so she would have said so. She is frankness itself."

"True; but in your case something sealed her lips. Can you not guess what it was without my telling you? Think, think," and he placed his hand gently on the other's arm.

"No, Mr. Felspar, I cannot guess. If I had been a younger man, then her reason would have been obvious; but in my case, with one leg in the grave. She did not know that, you would say?" he sighed. "Well, it *is* so. At all events it is plain to her that I am old enough to be her grandfather. No; I can think of no reason except some exaggerated notion of the gift itself. What's a thousand pounds to me? On the other hand, it would have been a great assistance to her. It was mad in her to refuse it."

"No, Mr. Aird, it was not mad. I am doubtful whether she would have taken it in any case, though I think it should have been

taken (had there been no bar to its acceptance) in the spirit—a most generous and noble one—in which it was offered. But there was a bar. Listen. Miss Josceline's father, who was buried yesterday, and is therefore safe from the reproaches of a man like you, was, unlike his daughter, of the world worldly."

"I know it; she is a grape from a thorn; God bless her."

"Well, being such as he was, by bringing up, perhaps, more than by nature, he looked to his daughter's preferment rather than to her happiness. He loved her, we should remember, though to our minds his way of showing it was a mistaken one; and his object was to get her married to some rich man, no matter how unsuitable he might be to her in other respects. That wish was uppermost in his last moments, as I happen to know, and I have no doubt that he imparted it to Miss Josceline."

"Very likely," said Mr. Aird; "but what has all that to do with her refusal of my little gift? I should have thought that the advice of such a man would have tended to its acceptance, even had it not been his daughter's due."

"Undoubtedly it would; but don't you see how he made it impossible for her—being what she is—to accept it from your hands?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm as much in the dark as ever."

"Suppose, Mr. Aird, that her father was so careful in the matrimonial advice he gave her as to point out some particular individual. I know he put his veto against some one; and is it not possible he indicated to her—by name—the person whom he wished her to marry. Suppose, for example, it was yourself."

"I? Indicate me as Miss Ella's future husband! Why, what a villain!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Aird," put in Felspar quickly; "do not use a term so unnecessarily harsh. In Mr. Josceline's rank of life nothing is more common than this sordid disposal of a daughter's hand; and in your case—except for the disparity of years——"

"Except!" broke in the old man indignantly; "don't talk of exceptions. I say that no man, dead or alive, had any right to take me for such a scoundrel. Did he think, because I have been in India, where folks buy their wives in the slave-market——You are frowning, sir, and quite right, too, at my associating this charming young lady with such an institution. It is a sacrilege to do so, even by way of metaphor; then how much more to think of it as a practical possibility. I was never so much shocked and horrified in my life."

"Then how much more, think you, must Miss Josceline have been shocked by such a suggestion, Mr. Aird? At first, no doubt, like you, she was slow to believe the possibility of the seriousness of her father's project; but once having learnt the truth——"

"I see, I see. There is no need to fill up the picture; your outline is quite enough, Mr. Felspar. From my hand, of course, she could never have taken a sixpence."

"Then how much more a thousand pounds?" said Felspar, smiling.

"To be sure; the more the worse," answered the other naively. "It must have seemed like an advance of the purchase-money. I perceive, now, why the poor girl never wished me good-bye."

"It was not for want of gratitude nor respect, Mr. Aird, of that you may be sure," said Felspar. "And you know how she loved little Davey."

"God bless her; yes," returned the old man thoughtfully. Then, after a long pause, "You said something about a veto. Since Mr. Josceline was so good as to select me for a son-in-law, it may seem invidious to inquire who was the gentleman he did not approve of in that capacity; but it is not for the purpose of exulting over him that I ask the question."

"I suppose not," said Felspar, smiling; "still it is a private matter, and I ought never to have alluded to it. You know so much, however, that you may as well know all. Upon his deathbed Mr. Josceline exacted a promise from Vernon that he would never propose to Miss Josceline unless he had an income of a thousand a year to share with her. It was cruel to propose such an arrangement, and Quixotic to agree to it; but the thing was done."

"And do these two young people love one another?"

"I can answer for one of them," said Felspar gravely.

"You mean Vernon, of course. But what of Miss Josceline?"

"I do not presume to read her heart," answered Felspar slowly.

"I think, however, her father read it, which suggested his precaution."

"And will Vernon keep his word?"

"Most undoubtedly. Mr. Josceline showed his knowledge of mankind in trusting to it."

"And the thousand a year?"

"He will never acquire the half of it. Such a stipulation is like one of the impossible tasks that are imposed by the evil geniuses in fairy tales. Vernon will do his best, and break his heart over it."

"But a thousand a year is not much to make."

"It is not much to a trader, nor even to the professional man; nay, it is not much to make, as the phrase goes, 'out of his own head' to the man of genius. But Vernon falls short of that."

"Indeed! I thought he was such a clever young man."

"So he is; but he is no more a genius than I am. He has the same knack of writing as I have of painting, and the former does not fetch so much in the market as the latter."

"You are very modest for self and friend," observed Mr. Aird quietly.

"No; it is only that I have learnt to see things as they are. The prizes in literature and art—especially in literature—are very few; the blanks are very numerous; and there is a good supply of moderate remuneration—incomes of so many hundreds a year—but which never reach

to four figures. Vernon, as you say, is clever. He is much more than that: he has poetic ideas, and expresses them very gracefully. But no versifier, however graceful, can earn shoeleather. Vernon's prose is thin; and (in story-telling for example) he has not the gift of prolonged effort. All is swallow flight. He will never produce a novel worth reading."

"You seem very positive, Felspar; but you don't know everything, I suppose," said Mr. Aird, with his old irritable manner.

"No; I know very few things; but those I do know, I know thoroughly," returned Felspar simply. "You surely do not suppose that I am capable of depreciating my friend. We are talking, as I conclude, in the strictest confidence. I would rather cut my right hand off, by which I gain my living, than let Vernon know what I have told you. He is full of hope and spirits, poor fellow, and eager for work.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end——"

He broke off, and sighed heavily.

"Now, suppose you should be all wrong, my good sir, and our young friend should turn out a popular author."

"Then you shall write me down an ass, where there are so many other uncomplimentary entries," said Felspar, forcing a smile, "in the Visitor's Book in the *Ultramarine*. Never was prophet so glad to be falsified as I should be in such a case."

"And a pair of bright eyes we wot of, Mr. Felspar, would be all the brighter, would they not?"

"I think so; nay, I am sure of it," said Felspar, correcting himself.

"Then let us hope for the best," said the old man. And with a cordial handshake he took his leave.

But though Felspar hoped for the best, too, for his friend, he had no illusions with respect to his making a thousand a year by his pen, or the one half of it. Hence it was then, as we have said, that when Ella received him so warmly, a temptation seized him to take the welcome as to himself alone, which was really evoked by the association he brought with him.

The next instant she had asked after Mr. Vernon, neither with effusion nor indifference, but with a blush that told him all, and would have been reflected in his own face had the least touch of disloyalty harboured within him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

"VERNON is all right, Miss Josceline," answered Felspar, in reply to Ella's inquiry, "or rather he was so when I last saw him yesterday morning. He has left Wallington Bay, however, for London."

"What, for good?" There was not any surprise in Ella's tone, but

an involuntary dismay. Of course it was no matter to her, since she was never to see him more, whether Vernon remained in the neighbourhood or not; but the idea of his departure depressed her. Next to death, in connection with those dear to us, we fear distance, notwithstanding the talk about railways and the telegraphs having mitigated the latter calamity.

"For good?" echoed Felspar cheerfully; "yes, indeed, I hope, for good. He is gone to prosecute his profession where he thinks it can be pursued more diligently and with greater profit—in London."

"Like Dick Whittington," said Ella with a forced smile, but conscious of a white face and a beating heart.

"Yes," said Mr. Felspar slowly, "rather like Dick Whittington. I hope he may have the same good luck. Clover Cottage is very dull without him. Everybody is deserting poor Wallington now, Miss Josceline. Mr. Aird and Davey went this morning. The former begged to be particularly remembered to you (here the speaker turned scarlet), and the child sent you all sorts of tender messages. It is my belief, if you will allow me to say so, that you have no more genuine well-wisher in the world than Mr. Aird."

"He is a most kind-hearted, generous man," said Ella firmly. She kept her colour here, though perhaps if she had been aware that her companion knew what he did, it would have been difficult for her to have done so.

"Yes, his nature is in many respects a noble one," assented Felspar. "His devotion to little Davey rivals the love of a mother."

"By-the-bye, Mr. Felspar, what is that story about the excavations at the Prior's House, which was our hospital, you know. I heard something of a skeleton being found there."

"And so there was. It will be a nine days' wonder for good Mrs. Gammer."

"But what is the explanation of it?"

"Well, I suppose it was some old monk who had not the same fancy that we moderns entertain 'to lie beneath the clover sod.'"

"But how about the Spanish cloak found in his grave?"

"Oh, that is an addition to the story that is new to me. The cloak was probably put on at Barton. By the time the tale gets to Lawton there will doubtless be a toledo, or a stick of liquorice, to match the Spanish cloak. I was present at the discovery of the bones, and there was nothing else found *in situ*, I do assure you."

"That is curious," murmured Ella.

"The whole thing, of course, is curious, but not so extraordinary as to affect, one would imagine, the actions of any human being; yet it has been the cause of Mr. Aird's sudden departure. He thinks the incident may disturb little Davey's dreams if he remains at the *Ultramarine*. I make every allowance for paternal affection, and admire it, but Mr. Aird permits it to go too far. If anything was to happen to that boy it would

be the death of his father ; so that the two lives, as it were, hang on a thread."

"Do you think dear little Davey is very delicate, then?"

"I do ; and when I look at the child I tremble for the old man. However, as Dr. Johnson says, 'do not let us discourage one another with forebodings.' As for me, I ought to be grateful for this most unexpected pleasure of meeting with my old pupil. A part of my business here, as I learn from your good aunt, is to give you lessons in drawing on the wood."

"Yes, that is quite right," observed Miss Birt, looking up from her knitting-needles ; she had produced them from her pocket on Mr. Felspar's appearance, and quietly gone on working ever since, leaving the young people to have their say without molestation. "His Highness is greatly interested in Miss Josceline's progress with her pencil, but feels she is in need of instruction. On the other hand, he knows Mr. Felspar is much too distinguished an artist to give drawing lessons. He therefore hits on the plan of having his portrait taken—an idea, by-the-by, he has long had in his mind—and inviting Mr. Felspar to Barton Castle for that purpose, and, and ——"

"And having once got him into his power," continued Mr. Felspar, taking up the thread of the other's narrative, "this feudal chieftain threatens to cast the distinguished artist into the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat unless he consents, in the intervals of portrait painting, to become a drawing-master. Alarmed by this menace the artist sinks his pride, and degrades himself as requested.—So this is your first essay on the wood, Miss Ella, is it?" he added, taking up the block. "The gentleman with the harp is, I conclude, King Alfred ; but how do you know he was left-handed?"

"He is playing with his right hand, as he should do, is he not?" said Ella simply.

"Well, no, not exactly. This other gentleman, too, is holding his goblet, not dexterously, but in some sinister manner—a tutor is nothing if he is not classical—Seriously, dear Miss Josceline, don't you see that your *dramatis personæ* will be left-handed when they come to be printed off."

"Dear me, how foolish of me."

"Not at all ; it is only because you are new to the work. The mistake, however, reflects credit on you, as it shows you do not much consult the looking-glass, in which the same change is effected."

"That is really very pretty," exclaimed Miss Birt.

"At all events, it is a very polite way of stating the indubitable fact that I am very stupid," said Ella. She was regarding her left-handed drawing with great contempt and chagrin. "I wish you would tell me the plain truth, Mr. Felspar. Of performance you need not speak, for I know there is none ; but is there any real promise in all this?"

"It is very curious," said Felspar gravely, "but that same question was put to me not long ago relating to another young aspirant. It was not so difficult, however, to reply in that case, because the inquiry was made by a third person."

"Pray do not consider my feelings, Mr. Felspar," answered Ella earnestly; "it will be kinder to me to speak the truth."

"Well, honestly, then, Miss Josceline, you have considerable talent. As to your being a born artist, as the phrase goes, I am doubtful about that; the talent should have developed itself earlier."

"Do not mock me, Mr. Felspar. I am well aware that I shall never be a Rosa Bonheur or a Mrs. Butler."

Her companion smiled—perhaps at the energy of her modesty, or it might be at the juxtaposition of the names she mentioned; your artist has always his favourites, which makes the expression of opinion in the layman dangerous.

"You think me a fool," she added, mistaking the cause of his amusement, "for associating myself with such company even for the sake of illustration. Oh, Mr. Felspar, is there no hope? shall I never earn my bread by my pencil?"

"Your bread? Certainly, you need not be afraid of that; the finest and most expensive description of French roll."

"There, didn't I tell you so, Ella?" broke in Miss Birt triumphantly.

"Yes; but then, dear Aunt Esther, you're not an art critic; you're made up of sugar and spice and all that's nice."

"Just so," assented Mr. Felspar; "whereas art critics and tutors, they are made up of frogs and snails and puppy dogs' tails, and everything objectionable."

"I didn't mean that, I'm sure," said Ella hastily.

"If you did you would not be far wrong. Now let us proceed to business. His Highness" (here Mr. Felspar's face began to pucker into an indescribable smile, which at Ella's warning glance became still more comic in its gravity) "does not sit till this afternoon, so we have a couple of hours before us. In the first place, how came you to hit upon such a novel subject for illustration as King Alfred?"

"I don't wonder at your laughing at the originality of my ideas, Mr. Felspar, but the fact is (and here you will laugh still more) I have got a commission;" and she handed him the publisher's letter.

"Come, this is famous," said he. "This all comes of your organ-grinder."

"And Mr. Vernon's introduction," said Ella.

"Quite true," admitted Felspar; "that no doubt assisted you. It is not one's first success that causes one to forget old friends."

"I hope I shall never be successful if that is what comes of it," returned Ella with a quick blush. Felspar smiled and sighed.

"That is well said, Miss Josceline. Are these poems by Mr.—What's his name—Fortescue—worth anything?"

"To my mind they are very good—quite good enough for their would-be illustrator, at all events. But you can judge for yourself."

"I would rather hear you read them. Let us have the 'Alfred,' at all events."

Without hesitation, but with a little nervous tremor of the voice that was not unbecoming to the subject, Ella read as follows :—

"All his land was with the Dane,
All his kingdom from him ta'en
Save that Isle of Athelney,
Save that spot whereon he lay ;
Fifty roods of marshy ground,
Set with stagnant water round,
He that should be king and lord,
Owner but of his good sword.

"Isle of Nobles, well 'twas called,
Ditch-encircled, wattle-wall'd,
Never yet held place of pride
Nobler than did there abide ;
Never from the stateliest tower,
Forth look'd king in leaguer'd hour,
With a thousand at his hest
Of the bravest and the best,
Half so king-like as did he,
Girt by that scant company ;
Never in the after time
Shall there stand one more sublime ;
One of all his royal race
With less shadow of disgrace ;
Never one more truly king,
(If that brow do lack its ring).
Though to some shall bend the knee
Nations from beyond the sea,
Then that were not known to be."

"That last is rather awkwardly expressed," observed Felspar, "otherwise I congratulate Mr. Fortescue—and you."

"Monarch, who mad'st war to cease
But to be more great in peace ;
Statesman, who in evil age
Gav'st men equal heritage ;
Warrior, first of all that race
Gleaning smiles from captive face ;
Poet of the dead achieved
(Bay and laurel interleaved) ;
Perfect man of matchless fate,
Alfred, Britons own 'the Great.'
Minstrel, too—for, whence it hung
Reach'd he down the harp unstrung,
Laid he bow and bugle by,
Quench'd the king-light in his eye,
Taking his song-lighten'd way
From that Isle of Athelney,

Unto where the Royal Dane
 Camp'd lay with Prince and thane,
 For in ancient days to bard,
 Need was none of gold or sword ;
 Threaten'd none his life or limb,
 For his harp was shield to him ;
 He that drew the smile and tear,
 Cause had never frown to fear ;
 Nor unguerdon'd sang their lays
 Minstrels of the ancient days.

"Far he mark'd the Réafen,
 Floating o'er their pirate den—
 Flag, whose spell had oft been proven
 By slain Hubba's sisters woven,
 Waving left hand, waving right,
 Ill or well as fared the fight ;
 Sure shall now the coal-black wing,
 Now, if e'er, its warning fling ;
 Now from that discordant throat,
 Burst, if e'er, a boding note.
 Yet, it droops in sleepy fold
 While the foe stand in their hold.

"Spoils he mark'd from every place,
 Which the traitress sea doth face ;
 Gold and silver vessels set,
 With their holy wine still wet ;
 But the priests, they lie in gore
 And shall bless no goblets more.
 There are carven clubs from Spain,
 But the scent does not remain
 Of the peaceful cedarn wood—
 There is hair on them and blood ;
 Boss'd shield and javelin,
 (Axe and bare breast did them win)
 Pluck'd from many a wasted strand ;
 Beakers for the double hand,
 Standing up to the mid-thigh,
 Only chiefs might set down dry—
 They who couch'd their yellow hair.
 Round the feast-board half made bare,
 Toying with their captured feres,
 Hewn from out some grove of spears ;
 Grinn'd the wolfshead helm above,
 Each fierce leader's eyes of love ;
 Grimly nodded each their pleasure
 Beating to the mystic measure,
 Subject to the throbbing string,
 And owning in the bard a king."

"Well done, Fortescue," cried Felspar. "That is a happy touch."

"Guthrum, set amidst his power,
 Victors in their vassal hour,

Courteous speech and look could spare
 To him who brought high music there :
 'If thy voice, Sir Minstrel, be
 Rare as is thy minstrelsy,
 Fear not though to raise its tone,
 Rebel tongue though thou may'st own.'

SONG.

"I strike my harp with fetter'd hand,
 I sing to alien ear,
 And yet my song is sweet to me,
 And yet my harp is dear.
 My foot is set on native soil,
 A soil that is not free ;
 My kin are slain, my love is lost,
 My harp remains to me.
 The ruin'd home that shelter'd me,
 The burnt and wasted plain,
 A smiling cot, a fertile vale,
 I find in song again.
 And where I go, or friend or foe,
 A welcome free affords
 The voice that sings to every heart,
 The hand that rules the chords."

"That is graceful," remarked Felspar, "but thin and feminine."

"That is just what Guthrum thought," said Ella, laughing. "He, too, must have been an art critic."

"Small and early, eh?—very likely," said Felspar.

"Clash of spear and targe's ring
 Greeted loud the minstrel king ;
 Wrench'd the chieftain from its hold
 Armlet rough with massy gold :
 'Guerdon'd thus, Sir Scald,' he said,
 'Sing us song less fit for maid
 Sick for love, and sad by choice,'

("That is a good line," interpolated Felspar.)

Thus he sang with fuller voice :

SONG.

"The wolf and the wild dog
 Are under the hill,
 The hart's in the upland,
 The fox in the ghyll ;
 There's game for the hunter
 On mountain and moor,
 But mine be the forest,
 And mine the wild boar.
 His crash through the covert,
 From sleuth-hound to flee"—

"I doubt about the sleuth-hound," interrupted Felspar. "They didn't hunt boars with sleuth-hounds. He might as well have written pug dog. Never mind, go on."

"His crash through the covert
From boar-hound to flee,
His roar like the thunder
Is music to me;
The trace of his black blood,
And foam track afar,
More glads me than wine cup,
Fill'd high after war;
His warm lair abandon'd,
When madden'd, half blind,
He comes swift as storm-bolt,
My staunch dogs behind;
I, right in his pathway,
With bow-string at strain,
And dart drawn to stone-head,
One moment remain;
The next through that red eye
The arrow hath flown,
The short sword finds scabbard,
The death-mort is blown."

"That is much better," said Felspar. "There is vigour in that. What did Guthrum say about it?"

"From the wassail brake a shout,
Over the dark hills about,
Scaring many an antler'd deer,
Mayhap, in his dusky lair;
Rousing with its tumult long
Many a hero of that song,
Following far upon his way
The minstrel king to Athelney.
When King Alfred came again
Guest unto the royal Dane,
It was not with harp or song;
But his island strength among,
In green Selwood that had grown
Watchful for that hour to dawn.
Where the dart might least offend,
Well the minstrel's eye had kenn'd—
Rampart's low declivity,
Vacant guard, or sheltering tree.
From a nest made desolate,
The Danish raven croak'd her hate—
Thanks unto our minstrel king—
Marr'd in claw and clipp'd in wing."

"Now confess that is very fair, Mr. Felspar. I think I am to be envied for having such a poem to illustrate; and the rest are quite as good."

"I think Mr. Fortescue is to be envied too," said Felspar gently; "I mean, of course," he added, "in having so appreciative an illustrator. Don't you think so, Miss Birt?"

"I do indeed, Mr. Felspar; I think the picture quite as good as the poem."

"At all events, Miss Jocelyn shall make it so before she has done with it," said Felspar confidently. "And now let us set to work."

Du Rys de Madame d'Al bret.

How fair those locks where now the light wind stirs,

What eyes she has, and what a perfect arm!

And yet methinks that little laugh of hers—

That little giddy laugh 's her crowning charm.

Where'er she passes, countryside or town,

The streets make festa, and the fields rejoice.

Should sorrow come, as 't will, to cast me down,

Or Death, as come he must, to hush my voice,

Her laugh would wake me, just as now it thrills me—

That little giddy laugh wherewith she kills me.

FREDERICK LOCKER

(AFTER CLÉMENT MAROT).
